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MR. MANN, leader of the Republicans in the House of Representatives, in his speech on "preparedness" on January 25th, was characteristically vigorous and dangerous. He drew a sharp and a true picture of the profound alterations which the war was making in the international physiognomy, and he was right in urging that in such a distracted world not even an inoffensive and peaceful Power like the United States could go unarmed. His speech betrayed nevertheless a state of mind the general and persistent acceptance of which would involve the United States in a ruinously expensive competition of naval armaments and in a maximum exposure to a dangerous attack. As he saw it, the United States was arming only for one purpose—that of preserving its isolation and protecting its independence. But a nation which arms in order to preserve its isolation has already lost the chief benefit of isolation. A nation of the size of the United States which was sufficiently powerful to secure its independence against the whole world would be too powerful for the independence of its neighbors. If the United States arms, it must use its armament to back up a policy which will substitute for the world depicted by Mr. Mann a less anxious and predatory world. It must use its armament not for the purpose of safely dispensing with friends and allies, but for that of making its friendship and coöperation more valuable and more serviceable. For this reason Mr. Mann's cheerful readiness to consider a possible war with Great Britain was culpably reckless and benighted. As the friend of Great Britain the United States can be secured against attack at the smallest possible cost, and has a good chance of exerting a healing and moderating influence on international reorganization. As the enemy of Great Britain no possible naval expenditure will make us really secure, and no merely negative good intentions can prevent our interference in the affairs of the world from being evil in its effects. Is Mr. Mann's the only kind of "leadership" the American nation is going to get at one of the most critical moments in its history?

ONE aspect of the current negotiations between Germany and the United States as to the manner and the extent of the Lusitania disavowal is not receiving enough attention. A usually well-informed newspaper states that in the latest communication Germany has made overtures to the United States to take some action in regard to the "freedom of the seas," and that the German Ambassador and Secretary Lansing are about to confer on these proposals. If this means that the administration may do anything even remotely to commit this country to the doctrine of the "freedom of the seas" in its German form, the suggestion should meet with general and uncompromising opposition. The German doctrine of the "freedom of the seas" seems to mean the total exemption of private property from capture at sea during war. It would be a disastrous doctrine for the United States to accept. The practical effect of it would be to make neutral trading nations the accomplice during war of the dominant military power on land. They would be obliged to lend the assistance of their in-

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dustrial resources to all belligerents, irrespective of a belligerent's responsibility for causing a war or the effect of its victory on the security of the world. The adoption of such a policy by an inoffensive democracy like the United States, whose future lies upon the seas, would be suicidal. A successful attempt to alter international law in the direction of the limitation of sea power would result not in the promotion of internationalism but in its decay and eventual destruction. Real internationalism looks in the direction rather of increasing the responsibilities of neutrals than of diminishing them.

OPERATIONS in the Caucasus, in Persia, and in Mesopotamia are now practically parts of the same campaign. The Turks recently reported officially that their reinforcements had beaten back the forces of the Grand Duke. At any rate, those reinforcements are not going to join General von der Goltz at Kut. The Russians say they have driven the Turks within their main positions near Erzerum; also that their columns have come in contact with Germans and Turks between Hamadan and Kermanshah on the Bagdad-Teheran caravan route, which Constantinople also reports. There is not the shadow of doubt that these troops have been withdrawn from the Mesopotamian army. Moreover, the Russians have resumed operations south of Lake Van, where any considerable victory would threaten von der Goltz's line of communications. It is altogether a curious military problem. Townshend besieged in Kut is undoubtedly short of supplies. The Turks in superior numbers are attacking him north and south. But the Grand Duke and General Aylmer are advancing to attack the besiegers, also from the north and south. The situation is like a five-layer cake, but it is a life and death struggle for poor Townshend, short of food, of ammunition, and short of drinking water in a temperature of 106° Fahrenheit. May succor reach him as it once reached the British in Lucknow and Ladysmith.

RESPONSIBLE British authorities can hardly anticipate any immediate military advantage from the proposed tightening of restrictions upon German trade. It is late in the day to believe that Germany can be starved, or seriously handicapped in her production of essential munitions, by the most perfect conceivable control of seaborne traffic. Not much can turn upon the small amounts of breadstuffs, fats, or even copper and rubber that filter through Holland and Scandinavia. The British objective appears to be political rather than military. When the time comes to talk peace, the bargaining power of the Allies will be the stronger the more nearly unlimited their control of trade on the seas, just as the bargaining power of the Central Powers will be the greater the more extensive their control of territory like northern France and the Adriatic littoral, of no permanent value to them but of vital importance to their opponents.

DEMOCRATIC principles, even the most sacred, find it difficult to survive in an atmosphere of power. Who would have supposed three years ago that the Democratic party would not merely make practical concessions to protectionism, but accept protection as a fundamental premise of policy? Yet that is just what is happening now. We are to have a non-partisan tariff commission, which is to find out for us by scientific investigation what our rates of duty ought to be, and recommend to Congress the changes necessary to meet exigencies as they arise. The tariff is to be taken out of politics. The party leaders may do what they will to explain their policy in terms of preparedness against sporadic dumping. The fact remains that the view of a tariff as a matter of patriotism, not of politics, is simon-pure Republicanism. We are again reminded that the chief surviving difference between our two great historical parties is the difference between the ins and the outs.

IN so far as our present fiscal embarrassments are a temporary consequence of the European war, there would be a certain appropriateness in covering them so far as possible by excises on goods in special demand on war's account. The munition makers could stand a fairly heavy tax. Their profits in many cases could be curbed with advantage to the state. Of course it will be argued that any plan of taxing munitions must discourage production and therefore be prejudicial to the interests of the Allies. But England and France have proceeded to take for public purposes the major part of the profits of their own munition-makers. The effect of excessive profits in stimulating production is greatly exaggerated. A ten per cent profit may promote production; a hundred per cent profit promotes chiefly speculation. The precedent of applying excises to immoderately profitable enterprises might be expected to have salutary results.

FROM an administrative point of view it would be desirable to leave the income tax untouched for several years, until its machinery could get into working order. It is extremely improbable that more than two-thirds of the income subject to the tax as it stands is actually reached. But if administrative efficiency must yield to the need of increased revenue, as now appears inevitable, it is better to increase the surtax on large incomes than to extend

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the tax to lower income classes. There is small possibility that incomes already entered upon the tax-rolls will escape, even if rates are increased, and the work of ferreting out tax-dodgers will not be seriously embarrassed by the higher rates. The lower income classes should bear a fair proportion of the federal taxes, of course, but this end can be attained through excises and customs duties. A tax of two cents a pound on sugar is equivalent to a one per cent income tax for the head of a normal household with $800 income; for the recipient of an income of $80,000, the sugar tax is a vanishing item. Indeed, in view of the multiplicity of our indirect taxes it is open to question whether our lower-income classes are not now burdened more heavily than the higher-income classes would be if the existing rates were doubled.

THE election of a law teacher, Dean Wigmore of the Northwestern University Law School, to the presidency of the American Association of University Professors is a fact significant in the development both of the American university and of American law. Though many of our law schools have been connected with universities, the connection has in the main been merely nominal, and teachers of law have been conspicuously absent in university affairs. We cannot recall a single university leader drawn from the ranks of the law professors. The latter have until recently been attracted by the prizes and honors of the legal rather than of the teaching profession. But the American university, a comparatively recent institution, is slowly but surely assimilating the older professional schools, and raising the standard of their teachers to the high level prevailing in European universities. The effect of this must in the end be revolutionary for American law, since it will tend to make us approach the continental system in which the scientifically trained law professor has a superior authority in the determination of the law over the politically selected judge. To the traditional lawyer this may seem as unbelievable as would have been the prediction a generation ago that we should acquire foreign possessions and be drawn into the game of world poltics; nevertheless those who have followed the influence of the books of Professors Gray and Wigmore on the actual law of this country can realize how far we are approaching the continental system. It is very fitting that the honor of the presidency of the American Association of University Professors should be accorded to Dean Wigmore, who is not only one of our most creative scholars, but who, by promoting the translation of foreign works on the history and philosophy of law, has been a leader in the effort to break down the isolation and provincialism of American legal thought.

NEWSPAPER readers learned the other day that the wife of Judge Gary had offered Steel shares as prizes for a bridge party. That was a mistake on Mrs. Gary's part; at least it was a mistake to let it be known. The incident makes it more difficult for people to respect private property as a sacred institution; more difficult to assert with a straight face that property is responsibility, that wealth is always earned, and that riches go naturally to the most enterprising and hard-working members of the community. Editors and economists are having a hard enough time to prove that the present distribution of property is the best that can be devised, and when property is treated so frivolously their task becomes almost unbearable. Does Mrs. Gary realize that a share of Steel stock represents the effort of human lives, that it represents control over those lives, that it is a title not only to dividends but to power, and that such power cannot be entrusted long to those who forget these truths? She would probably not gamble with her husband's right to vote, but his vote as a citizen is a small thing compared to his vote as an important stockholder in the Steel Corporation.

IN writing the "Declaration of the Rights of Nations" the members of the American Institute of International Law were seemingly actuated by an excellent motive; the declaration is primarily part of the effort to allay the suspicion of Latin America in regard to the United States. But the authors of the document lay down a rule of separatism which may prove either meaningless or dangerous. If they are declaring that every state is to go its way without international interference, then they have pronounced a doctrine under which no community of nations is possible. How they will reconcile it, for example, with our intervention in Hayti is a little hard to see. How they will reconcile the notion of absolute independence with any form of the Monroe Doctrine is likewise hard to see. Are we to guarantee the uncontrolled independence of let us say Venezuela, while we are to prevent Europe from calling Venezuela to account? Does this declaration of rights mean every state for itself, or does it foreshadow an international society? If each state for itself, then it is the abandonment of the Monroe Doctrine; if an international community, then how can we talk of the almost unlimited sovereignty of any one nation?

MESSRS. Ward and Gow control the newsstands on the subways and elevated lines of New York City. Recently Messrs. Ward and Gow took offense on political and religious grounds to things which had been published in *The Masses,* so they have cancelled their contract with *The*

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Masses and have removed it from the news-stands. Their legal right to do this is more than doubtful, and on grounds of public policy it is a dangerous precedent. When a private corporation which monopolizes one important avenue through which news is distributed sets up a censorship it creates an intolerable condition. If there is to be any censorship, let it at least be public and official. A business firm is of all censors the worst imaginable. We hope *The Masses* will carry the case to the courts, and that all publishers will support them in the fight.

AS compared with 1914, the year just closed shows an increase of twenty per cent in the net earnings of the railways. This increase is due in part to the advance in rates in Eastern territory, but in very much larger part to the general revival of business. It is almost certain that the railways will make a still better showing in 1916. Everyone can rejoice in the prosperity of the railways present and prospective, but it gives the professional railway spokesmen something to explain. All through the lean years ending with 1914, when every business was working on narrow margins, these spokesmen were loudly asserting that the railways' share in the general distress was due to regulation. What will they say now of prosperity under regulation? The advocates of high protection have achieved many notable victories through imputing to a particular political policy all the consequences of general economic forces making for good times or bad. Perhaps the railway advocates can afford to follow the same tactics. Almost everyone knows, however, that under any railway regime whatsoever earnings fall away with depression and increase with prosperity.

The Newer Nationalism

THE speech made by Mr. Theodore Roosevelt in Philadelphia on January 20th has awakened less interest and aroused less discussion than it deserves. It was not an ordinary occasional utterance, such as the majority of speeches of all public men must necessarily be. It was evidently intended to take its place in the series of addresses which began at Ossawatomie in the fall of 1910 and was continued at Columbus in the spring of 1912—addresses in which Mr. Roosevelt has carefully and exhaustively submitted to American public opinion the latest revision of his personal program. The Philadelphia speech brings the "new nationalism" down to date. It reconstructs the program of six and of four years ago to meet the new conditions, the new alarms, and the new outlooks brought into existence chiefly by the European war. The agitation for preparedness is made the excuse for a solemn attempt to quicken the national conscience, to arouse national loyalty, and to reunite the un-united American people on a positive program of national regeneration.

This attempt to convert preparedness into a demand for an improved national organization and a more responsible and intensified national consciousness will help to relieve that agitation of a real danger and a flagrant defect. Democrats of the school of Mr. Bryan are trying to persuade public opinion that the United States cannot prepare for war without being false to its national ideals as well as its traditions; and if preparation for war meant only what it means to many of the defence societies and military agitators, Mr. Bryan would be right. A merely defensive armament and purpose which did not bring with it a quickened sense of national responsibility and a sturdier resolution to make the American commonwealth better worth defending, might be as demoralizing as an armament intended plainly for undemocratic aggression. Mr. Roosevelt understands the difficulty and seeks to associate preparedness with the vision and the method of a better American nation. In so doing he had been partly anticipated by Mr. Wilson, who in the December message had allied preparedness to some measure of positive policy both in domestic and foreign affairs, and who celebrated his abandonment of so much of the old nation by hinting at the vision of a new one. But Mr. Wilson's vision was fragmentary and flickering. He had accepted preparedness with a bad conscience and as a matter of temporary expediency, rather than as a welcome opportunity for improving the national organization and toughening the national fibre. His own past and that of his party prevented him from rising to the opportunity. They had the tradition behind them of collective drifting, of avoiding preparation until after the event, and of imposing on individuals, social groups, and localities, certain essential national responsibilities. Mr. Roosevelt had behind him a personal and party bias in favor of forehanded and responsible national action. He had always conceived the nation as a living thing, which was constantly readjusting its organization and behavior to novel conditions and larger democratic ideals. His preconceptions instead of being an embarrassment helped and urged him to seize the opportunity for a new work of national construction.

The enterprise involves, however, serious difficulties which not even Mr. Roosevelt's ardor and goodwill have succeeded in overcoming. The newer nationalism must seek by the conscious and intelligent devotion to ideals to renew a bond which

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in the past had been to a much larger extent instinctive and automatic. How is this to be done? No doubt, as Mr. Roosevelt declares, military preparedness in its reaction on a democracy may bring with it a quickening of the national life and an aroused sense of responsibility which will be equally fruitful in improving the domestic social organization; but it is easier to proclaim the connection between military and social preparation than it is to devise effective means of coöperation between them. The task is particularly formidable in a country like our own, which is so wretchedly prepared both for war and peace, and whose ill-preparedness is the result of a lax and irresponsible state of mind and of a disposition to envelop the disagreeable facts of our public life in a sea of soft and muddy verbal optimism. The new program needs to be candid, hard-headed, thoroughgoing, and wherever possible definite. Like all practicable programs it must be adjusted to immediate conditions, but such adjustments must be made without intellectual capitulation and without the disposition to avoid rough weather by clinging to the harbor of safe and easy verbal formulas.

Mr. Roosevelt's program does not live up to these requirements. It resembles Mr. Wilson's message in being scrupulously explicit and concrete in some of its recommendations, and disquietingly vague and ambiguous in others. The program of military and naval preparation is courageous, definite and complete. Mr. Roosevelt proposes a navy second only to that of Great Britain, and a professional army of over 200,000 men, recruited so as to provide a reserve of several hundred thousand more. But what he insists upon most strenuously is universal and compulsory military service, based in general on the Swiss and Australian systems. He does not pretend that the United States is likely to need the army of many millions of trained men which the Swiss system would produce. He advocates it not for its military but for its social and political advantages. In Mr. Roosevelt's opinion national service is the one really democratic method of dealing with the problem of military training. With the burden made equal and universal, young Americans would obtain "the discipline, the sense of orderly liberty and of loyalty to the interests of the whole people which would count in striking manner for national cohesion and efficiency." Thus the dominant object of universal service is educational. It drills into the unformed recruits a leavening sense of national obligation. They would all learn, rich and poor alike, that democracy, instead of being a political expedient which enabled its citizens to escape disagreeable responsibilities, might and actually would tend to increase the cost of public service. The burdens would be so great that the democratic state as a matter of fair play would be obliged to distribute them over the whole social body. The principle of imperative universal public service is the fundamental characteristic of the newer nationalism, and the one which most sharply distinguishes it from any previous formulation of the national idea.

Uncompromising as is Mr. Roosevelt's assertion of the necessity of a universal public service in a democracy, and specific as are his proposals for working it into the system of military preparation, his courage and his concreteness fail him in applying this same idea to other aspects of the national behavior. He allows only very vague hints about the foreign and domestic policy, and about the economic and political organization which should accompany this increasing collectivism. In foreign politics we are to apply the golden rule to other nations, to "defend the fabric of international law," and to make sacrifices and take risks on behalf of a world community; but the Monroe Doctrine is not mentioned, and there is equal silence about Pan-Americanism, Canada, British sea power, the Open Door in China, American participation in the development of backward countries, and the other concrete questions of foreign policy. Mr. Roosevelt is no more definite than Mr. Wilson or the Republicans in explaining the proposed relation between policy and armament. His specific domestic program is even more unsatisfactory. Not an explicit word is said about the method of distributing the enormously increased burden of taxation necessitated by military preparation. He mentions government "encouragement" and "control" of munition plants, but he does not expressly favor government ownership and operation. The industrial policy is concealed under a cloud of ambiguous phrases about doing equal justice to employers and employees, producers and consumers, and the capitalists and the public. "There must be laws," he says, "in the interest of American workingmen, American farmers and American shippers," and he advises us to reconcile American democracy with German efficiency. But there is not a substantial suggestion as to how these contradictions are to be reconciled, or by what specific means justice is to be done to so many conflicting interests.

Manifestly this will not do. A democracy which adopts the principle of universal and compulsory public service and which proposes for stern reasons of national discipline to conscript the energy of its citizens, must insist upon applying equally stern and exacting standards to all phases of the national endeavor. A system of enforced collectivistic morals must be balanced and expressed by a larger measure of collectivism in the business of organization. If a national moral imperative is

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to be fastened on the lives of a democratic citizenry, its practical activities must be moulded by the same principles of universal and compulsory national service. Mr. Roosevelt is under all the more obligation to propose something of the kind, because many passages in his address look in the direction of recognition by the government of an enlarged measure of "big business" activity; and any attempt to allow this kind of business a freer hand without full assurance that the power would be used for the public benefit is intolerable. No such assurance can be obtained merely by admitting the necessity of government "control" of industry. It would be only too easy for industry of that kind to begin to control the government. The government control must be indubitable, and it can only be made indubitable by the nationalizing of essential public services, like the railroads, and by government ownership of those natural resources which are limited in amount and on which American industry would depend for motive power. Finally, any such development of state and private capitalism would need to be balanced by a corresponding strengthening of the trades unions and their frank recognition as an independent member of the official industrial organization, and by similar encouragement, wherever possible, of coöperative activities by smaller business men.

In spite of all its inadequacies, there is back of Mr. Roosevelt's newer nationalism a fine, a seductive, a leavening, and for this country a salutary idea. It is the idea of a system of national moral education. He is proposing universal military service primarily for its ability to stimulate in individual citizens a sense of loyalty to the nation. The compulsion is introduced less for military reasons than for social and educational reasons; and if the American democracy has always revolted at the idea of compulsory military training, it has explicitly accepted the idea of compulsory education. The need of a system of education adapted to stimulate a sense of public responsibility and to bestow on the American citizen some kind of moral cohesion is only too manifest. It is the great lesson of the war for the American democracy, and Mr. Roosevelt has done well to call attention to it. But the kind of education which a democracy including both men and women really needs to equip it for public service cannot begin or end in a military camp. The ordinary non-commissioned or even commissioned officer can hardly be seriously considered as an ideal guide for the moral training of future American citizens. A genuinely democratic system of moral training must promote not only a sense of public responsibility and a disposition to make personal sacrifices, but vocational competence, livelier human sympathies, intellectual alertness, adaptability and tenacity, and an imperturbable faith in the great democratic enterprise of indefinite individual and social improvement. Whenever such a system is devised and generally understood, there will be sufficient reason for making it compulsory and universal.

Where Governor Whitman's Budget Falls Short

GOVERNOR WHITMAN has deliberately put aside a splendid opportunity for leadership in establishing responsible democratic government in New York. Confronted by an unprecedented chaos in state finances, he struck out boldly for a moment as if determined to exercise his full prerogative as governor and leader of his party in preparing a budget which should comprise a program of public work and the fiscal measures necessary to carry it into effect. But the promising start had a lame and halting finish. Even the courageous note which the Governor sounded at the opening of the session has died away into the plaint that he was only making suggestions to the legislature.

Those citizens who are anxious to get the pork-barrel out of the way so that real public questions may find their proper place in our politics were elated when the newspapers announced that Mr. Whitman had prepared a budget and was ready to back it. It is true, the publicity materials devised by his press-agents contained promises more glowing than the actual performances warranted. When the solid document so widely heralded became accessible it was discovered that the well advertised "budget" was in fact a carefully devised act of appropriation (supported by elaborate statistics) and nothing more. It contained not a word about the pressing matters of taxation. It called for no open daylight procedure on the bill. And yet friendly critics awaited expectantly further instalments.

The Bureau of Municipal Research, which has taken an active part in the movement for sound budgetary practice in New York, immediately prepared a memorial to Governor Whitman asking him to continue the labors so auspiciously begun. This memorial contained a bill of particulars. It pointed out the limitations of the mere appropriation act which the Governor had prepared, and called attention to the painfully obvious point that the bill would go to the dark rooms of the legislative committees unless consideration in committee of the whole could be secured. To facilitate the adoption of such procedure the Bureau drafted a measure amending the existing legislative law, and appealed to the Governor to support the proposal. It also emphasized

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the point that a genuine budget calls for a statement of revenues and for proposals as to new sources of taxation should a deficit arise. In short, the Bureau invited the Governor to assume leadership in formulating the state's public policies and fiscal program.

To everybody's surprise, the Governor in his reply to this memorial fell back upon the dead formalism of constitutional tradition. Not only did he flatly declare that he had no intention of pressing the issue upon the legislature, but he came dangerously near repudiating his own appropriation bill. He said that he meant it to be suggestive only—presumably like the famous futile book of estimates annually transmitted to the Congress of the United States by the Secretary of the Treasury. As for using his constitutional powers and his legitimate political prestige to secure adequate consideration of his own bill or to obtain effective and open legislative procedure upon it, the Governor was emphatic. He would not trench upon the sacred constitutional rights of the legislature. He was merely a friend in council for that august body. Presumably all of the governors of American states who have come anywhere near being statesmen have been usurpers. Once more the spirit is killed by the letter, or rather is sacrificed to a grinning fetish.

Thus Governor Whitman has surrendered the most important political prerogatives which his constituents would have seen him exercise. He has almost thrown overboard his executive responsibilities. The legislature will be left to its own devices, and what it will do can be foreseen by a blind man. Bold woodmen will begin to roll their logs, and local machines will be prepared for the coming primaries. A tide which might have been seized at its flood will ebb away carrying with it a title to leadership that was within grasp. If responsible government is to broaden down from precedent to precedent, someone will have to set the first precedent. Governor Whitman says that he is unwilling to assume the risk.

Americanization

ONLY recently we viewed with complacent optimism the dilution of our national stock with all the races dispersed from Babel. We had absolute confidence in our power of assimilation. Serb, Armenian, Lithuanian, we assured ourselves, would put off their national characters and become good Americans in one or two generations, as the older immigration of Irish, Germans and Scandinavians had become merged with the original English stock. This optimism is hard to remember. Just now our extreme faith in the Americanization process seems to have given way to a corresponding excess of disbelief. If we are to credit the alarmist, the shock of the European war has demonstrated that assimilation has had a very superficial effect, leaving the hearts of men unchanged. We are said to have a powerful German party, immigrants and children of immigrants, and an English, a French, an Italian party similarly constituted. If this is true, it is indeed a serious matter. There are no such parties in well organized states. There could not be, say, an Italian or Spanish party in France, a Russian or an English party in Germany. In real nations parties are not built up with reference to the special interests of foreign countries. It is only in such backward polities as Turkey, China, Morocco, that parties exist for advancing the purposes of alien governments. Everywhere the presence of parties of alien reference is attended by intrigue and bribery, espionage and false arrest, incendiarism and assassination. It cannot be denied that certain occurrences of the last year would lend color to a classification that should place us with the weak states lacking in organized national purpose.

So gloomy a view is inadequately supported by the facts. The assimilative forces in which we gloried two years ago were real and effective, though not so thorough as we imagined. The current tendencies toward disassimilation are real, too, but not so dangerous as they appear at first sight. Both assimilation and disassimilation have proceeded for the most part undirected by conscious purpose. If Letts or Slovaks preferred to read newspapers in their own language, follow their own customs in matters of clothing and cookery and sanitation, they were quite free to do so. We demanded only that they should do our work for us efficiently and cheaply, and yield obedience in essentials to our laws. If they were intelligent they were certain to discover that their economic and social advance depended largely upon conformity to our institutions. Perhaps the immigrants themselves were incapable of making the adjustment. So much the worse for them; their children, at any rate, would almost certainly try to be Americans.

There were of course forces working against assimilation, but these gave little concern. One of these was the newspaper printed in a foreign language. The alien journalist's living is threatened by assimilation, and naturally he works against it. But anyone who has given close attention to the fortunes of such newspapers will appreciate the difficulty of their problem. Upon the first influx in large numbers of a new alien race, it is possible to publish a paper devoted almost exclusively to news of the fatherland and of the immigrant group itself. Gradually the news of the fatherland has to yield space and the events of the new home engross attention, until finally the German or Italian or Hun-

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garian paper is essentially an American paper printed in a foreign tongue. It has become an agent of assimilation, and even so its prosperity is dependent upon a continual flow of fresh immigration. The lot of the foreign preacher or teacher is similar. Like the journalist he resists assimilation, but in the end he is driven to become an interpreter of the new land to his fellow countrymen, especially the late arrivals.

The forces of disassimilation, operating since the outbreak of the war, have been equally unconscious. It was inevitable that the original English stock in America, as well as later stocks of non-Germanic origin, should sympathize with the Allies. By a natural logic, the execration we at first reserved for the German government and general staff soon extended itself to the German army and people, and then, by further refinement, to German institutions, culture, character. It was equally inevitable that this should create resentment among the mass of Americans of German blood. We cannot say that the German in Europe is brutal, amoral, servile, and expect his kin in this country to acquiesce in our opinion or even cherish friendly feelings toward us. Yet we did say such things. Our intellectual leaders set the pace in this folly, and the rest of us followed according to our ability. And then we felt aggrieved over the recrudescence of Germanism among us. Assimilation, we cried, had failed. But this was not a proper test of assimilation. We cannot assimilate men out of the pride in their origin. Every man who deserves respect will defend the fundamental character of the race from which he springs. But disassimilation has gone beyond this natural and legitimate reaction. Recent events give color to the view that in case of serious trouble with a foreign country we should find considerable minorities whom we had supposed to be Americanized working against our national interests.

In the past we have relied chiefly upon the unconscious forces of time and social environment to transform our alien immigrants into Americans. We shall be forced to rely mainly upon the same forces in the future. European nations, with their more conscious policies of suppression of anti-national tendencies, have been far less successful than we. But we can greatly improve the conditions in which the unconscious forces of assimilation do their work.

Experience has shown that the progress of Americanization is most rapid when the flow of immigration is even and moderate, and when the newcomers are distributed widely through the population. In such circumstances the alien is thrown into contact with the native-born, or at least with the more or less thoroughly Americanized members of his own race. When the flow of immigration is excessive, it is inevitable that great alien masses, impenetrable to American influences, should form in our industrial centers. This is a condition of which we have long been conscious; but we are only now becoming aware of its sinister effect upon our national life. If we tolerate its continuance we cannot expect to attain the homogeneity of feeling and action essential to our position of a power with international rights and obligations.

This means that we should no longer leave the volume of immigration to the regulation of chance. Restriction in the interest of assimilation is the policy clearly indicated by the times. Not that we should apply the principle mechanically and rigorously, but we should endow our immigration authorities with power to check, preferably by administrative discretion, the wholesale transplantation upon our soil of alien communities. With the principle of restriction established, it will be possible to enlist, in the interest of dispersal, all the philanthropic and business influences that have hitherto worked toward colonization. Make failure to distribute immigration a ground for limitation of further influx, and we shall hear less of the practical and constitutional difficulties in the way of distribution.

It is impossible to forecast the effect of the European war upon the course of immigration, but it will be admitted as at least possible that a new high level will be established, unless we are prepared to introduce restrictions at need. The post-bellum immigrants will come with their consciousness of nationality greatly heightened by the emotions excited by the war. They will be more difficult to assimilate than the immigrants of the years before the war. If we are not satisfied with the results of assimilation in the past, it behooves us to formulate a more rational policy for the future.

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How the German Infantry Fights

A GLANCE at the European war maps shows that the Germans know how to fight. But what the United States, grappling with preparedness, wants to know is how the Germans do it.

Imagine a Russian position in the East. A position in the East means a section of country which has been fortified with barbed wire, entangled on stakes as high as a man's knee, behind which are trenches or natural cover such as woods. Suppose this position is two miles long. Before the attack the Germans open a heavy artillery fire. It is directed at three points. The wire entanglements are blown to pieces, the trenches are torn up, and the roads by which supplies come from the Russian rear to the defenders are covered with fire. The ammunition used against the entanglements is high explosive shells; against the trenches these same shells and occasional shrapnel; against the roads of communication almost entirely shrapnel. The idea is that shrapnel is not of much use against men protected by trenches, but that it plays havoc with men in open country. A shrapnel is a projectile filled with two hundred-odd leaden balls the size of your thumb nail, and burst at a desired distance from the cannon mouth by a time fuse. It is most effective bursting about ten yards off the ground and a little in front of the target, the shrapnel spraying out like the stream from a watering-cart. A shell, on the other hand, explodes on contact, flinging jagged white-hot fragments of steel. The explosive gases in the higher-calibred shells, such as the 30.5 cm. and 42 cm., likewise tear men apart.

So much for the artillery preparation. The Germans give the order to charge. The artillery redoubles its efforts, keeping up the cannonade until the advancing Germans are so close to the enemy that it dares not fire longer, for fear of slaughtering its own men. The German attack goes up in three parallel and widely separated lines. These lines are deployed like skirmishers, about five yards between each man. They all advance on the run. The second line runs faster than the first and the third line faster than the second. The effect of this is to bring these men, when almost upon the enemy, shoulder to shoulder. But mark that point, "when almost upon the enemy." When crossing the zone of fire the Germans were not shoulder to shoulder and did not afford any massed target. They were in three rushing lines, the units of which were widely separated, and by their trick of giving each line a different speed of advance, they were all brought together for that one terrific moment just before the bayonets get in their work, when it is most disconcerting for the enemy to face such a mass of men. These charging lines are fed by reserves kept in column formation until they are deployed and sent across the zone of fire for a second triple wave of charging men. That is the way the Germans attack.

This is what the English Tommies meant when they wrote home that "the beggars came down on 'em in clouds." The impression that sticks in the defending soldier's mind is how the enemy looks before he begins to use the bayonet. After that he can see nothing, only the blood mist.

The Germans were the first to use extensively the breech-loading rifle. When they fought Austria in 1866 they were opposed by infantry using the old muzzle-loaders. It was in this war that the Prussians introduced their company formation. The Prussian infantry manoeuvred in company columns. Each company had three sections, one behind the other. The first section was deployed in front as skirmishers. That formation, embodying the advantages of both line and column, is the basis of the German infantry attack to-day. This is, as we have seen, keeping the reserves in column from which the deployed attacking lines are fed.

After the war of 1866 German military circles were torn with the dispute as to how future wars should be fought. They could not hope for a repetition of the easy victories of the Prussian infantry who had been armed with breech-loaders while the Austrians had old-fashioned muskets. It was contended then that the new quick-firing rifles would give such a superiority to the defense that the basis of German tactics—"the offensive must be sought for everywhere"—would be modified. From the time of Frederick the Great until to-day, German military literature, with the exception of the discursive period after 1866, insists that the Germans must always take the offensive. They regard the defensive as a sign of weakness. It is to be permitted temporarily, but always the attack must be sought. On a German officer captured by the English in this present war there was found an order from a brigade-general. It said that reports had come to him that the men in this officer's regiment were losing their aggressiveness in the trenches, that they were showing signs of being satisfied with a "sit-and-take-it" warfare. This, the general said, would never do. The spirit of the German army is attack, and the men must always feel that. If they were accustomed to holding trench positions

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too long they would lose some of that attacking power when the time should come to charge. Half the little trench attacks which you read about in the newspapers aimed at small sections of the French or English trenches are made so that the men will not get stale from defensive warfare.

Oddly enough, it was the French who were most influenced by the discussion in German military circles after the war of 1866. It was the French who took the view that the breech-loading rifle would give the defense a big advantage—a view which cost them dear in 1870. Even though the great Moltke himself suggested defensive tactics in some of his recommendations after 1866, the old attacking tradition of the Prussian army was too deep-rooted to be changed. In the war against France in 1870 the Germans compromised. They sent out many more men into the skirmish lines than in 1866, but the point is that these skirmishers were only regarded as a preliminary to the battle. We have seen to-day how skirmish lines fight a battle. Behind the skirmishers in 1870 the Germans threw in their old mass formations. At Mars la Tour a Hanoverian brigade lost half its strength in a few minutes, and at St. Privat the Prussian Guard was checked in twenty minutes with the loss of six thousand men. That was the last mass formation attack the Germans ever made.

The idea of attacking with the men spread out was at first appalling to German military strategists. Spread out men and you are bound to lose the officer's control of them. They then began an attempt to organize what Moltke called "the necessary disorder of the attack." It was a direct innovation from all the barrack-yard training of that day, but with that innate peculiar adaptability for meeting a new situation the Germans were able to give up their mass formation and to capture Le-Bourget in 1870 with the skirmish-line attack. If careless observers of the German army only studied it enough to realize that it is not a constricted but a versatile machine, they would never have written as they did after the battle of the Marne, "Now the German army is beaten because it has to take the defensive." The Germans reorganized their fighting methods in 1870 and they have done it to-day. Trench warfare is against the spirit of their army. Their officers have told me that the soldiers were dissatisfied when they were ordered to begin digging trenches.

We have to thank some observers of German manoeuvres in recent years for other misinformation on the way the Germans fight. Often at German manoeuvres there were seen firing-lines with soldiers four and five deep. Observers who didn't think it worth while to ask questions shrewdly conjectured about the heavy losses which would come from this kind of fighting. When they left Germany they told us about it. One of our United States officers watching a German manoeuvre remarked at the dangerous density of the firing-line.

"You must imagine," a German staff officer replied, "that three-quarters of the men you see there have been wounded. Simply to save time we bring them along with the firing-line instead of leaving them scattered over the ground for a mile or so behind."

Meckel, that German military genius who rebuilt the Japanese army, long pleaded for heavy firing-lines. It is his influence that is responsible for the Germans' wonderful system of attack to-day, that is, the piling in of one firing-line upon another until, close upon the enemy, they all meet. Let me show the German advantage. When the English were cut to pieces at Mons their infantry fought as they did in the Boer War. They fought with the unconditional extended order. On a thousand yards of front the men were about five yards apart; that meant two hundred rifles in action. Upon this came the three rushing lines of Germans, two hundred rifles in the first lines, two hundred in the second, two hundred in the third. When they were almost upon their enemy they were six hundred rifles blazing to the English two hundred. That meant a fire-superiority of three to one; that meant annihilation or retreat. As one Tommy has put it, "I had a machine gun, you know. A row of German helmets comes up over the hill. We was peppering the beggars. Up comes the second line. We peppers that, when up comes the third. It got damned discouraging, you know."

In discussing with German officers the way the English and French fight I have had some frank admissions. A Bavarian captain in front of Ypres told me that the English were not effective on the attack, but they were remarkable defensive fighters. The German objection to the English attack is that it is too disordered. They say that as soon as the charge begins the English officers lose control of their men and that everything becomes "*gemischt*," mixed. They point out with a satisfied smile that you cannot create an efficient officer control over the attack when you have to make officers at short notice. They say that if the English had about ten years' training with real organization they would be wonderful troops.

They admire the qualities of the French officers, but they are not enthusiastic about the troops. They say that the French infantry relies too much upon the wonderful light artillery. They say that French officers often tell their men, "The artillery's killed nearly all the Germans in that trench; go and take it now." Also they say that the French infantry breaks more quickly on the attack than the English.

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They have one method now for repelling attacks made by French infantry. Every French offensive is preceded by a terrific cannonade. Then the French infantry goes up with a rush that would seem to imply that the French field guns had prepared the way so that nothing could stop the charge. Wherefore the Germans never fire a shot until the French are within a hundred yards and then they let them have it with machine guns. This was the situation during the last terrific offensive of the French in Champagne. The French fired their artillery for seventy hours and made the German front-line trenches simply untenable. Then the infantry charged on trenches that were supposed to be filled with nothing but the dead. And the same old story was repeated. Upon getting close the French were racked with terrific machine-gun fire.

In that Champagne offensive captured French soldiers were found carrying emergency concentrated provisions for ten days. That meant one of two things. It meant that the offensive was supposed to be the long-talked-of march on the Rhine, that Joffre expected to break the German line and pile his soldiers through the gap at top speed, carrying their provisions unhampered by any delays from transport trains. Or else it meant that their officers were giving the French infantry a kind of psychological chloroform to make the attack fiercer; that they had issued these provisions to make the men actually feel that they were going through to the Rhine. A good guess is that it was a little of both, for surely Joffre would never have wasted so much artillery ammunition unless he expected to break the German line. Breaking the western line is regarded as a military impossibility. Our own military observers who have been over the ground tell me that the Germans will never break through, nor will the Allies. And the point is this—proven in the Champagne offensive where the French actually broke through at one point only to be slaughtered all: in the warfare of to-day no army can develop quickly enough in a limited area the follow-through attack, entirely vital, to make the "break attack" decisive.

EDWARD LYELL FOX.

The Human Scale

GREAT buildings often have great doors; but great doors are heavy to swing, and if left open they may let in too much cold or glare; so that we sometimes observe a small postern cut into one leaf of the large door for more convenient entrance and exit, and it is seldom or never that the monumental gates yawn in their somnolence. Here is the modest human scale reasserting itself in the midst of a titanic structure, but it reasserts itself with an ill grace and in the interests of frailty; the patch it makes seems unintended and ignominious.

Yet the human scale is not essentially petty; when it does not slip in as a sort of interloper it has nothing to apologize for. Between the infinite and the infinitesimal all sizes are equally central. The Greeks, the Saracens, the English, the Chinese and Japanese instinctively retain the human scale in all that part of their work which is most characteristic of them and nearest to their affections. A Greek temple or the hall of an English mansion can be spacious and dignified enough, but they do not outrun familiar uses, and they seem to lend their spaciousness and dignity to the mind rather than to crush it. Everything about them has an air of friendliness and sufficiency; their elegance is not pompous, and if they are noble they are certainly not vast, cold, nor gilded.

The Saracens, Chinese, and Japanese in their various ways use the human scale with even greater refinement, for they apply it also in a sensuous and psychological direction. Not only is the size of their works moderate by preference, like their brief lyrics, but they exactly meet human sensibility by a great delicacy and concentration in design and a fragrant simplicity in workmanship. Everything they make is economical in its beauty and seems to say to us: "I exist only to be enjoyed; there is nothing in me not merely delightful." Here the human scale is not drawn from the human body so much as from the human soul; its faculties are treated with deference—I mean the faculties it really has, not those, like reason, which a flattering philosophy may impute to it.

An English country house which is a cottage in appearance may turn out on examination to be almost a palace in extent and appointments; there is no parade, yet there is great profusion—too much furniture, too many ornaments, too much food, too many flowers, too many people. Everything there is on the human scale except the quantity of things, which is oppressive. The Orientals are poorer, more voluptuous, and more sensitive to caligraphy; they leave empty spaces about them and enjoy one thing at a time and enjoy it longer.

One reason for this greater subtlety and mercifulness in the art of Orientals is perhaps the fiercer assault made on their senses by nature. The Eng-

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lishman lives in a country which is itself on the human scale, clement at all seasons, charming with a gently inconstant atmospheric charm. The rare humanity of nature in his island permeates his being from boyhood up with a delight that is half sentimental, half physical and sporting. In his fields and moors he grows keen and fond of exertion; there too his friendships and his estimates of men are shaped unawares, as if under some silent superior influence. There he imbibes the impressions that make him tender to poetry. He may not require great subtlety in his poets, but he insists that their sentiment shall have been felt and their images seen, and while the obvious, even the shamelessly obvious, does not irritate him, he hates cheap sublimity and false notes. He respects experience and is master of it in his own field.

Thus the empty spaces with which a delicate art likes to surround itself are supplied for the Englishman by his comradeship with nature, his ranging habits, and the reticence of his imagination. There the unexpressed dimension, the background of pregnant silence, exists for him in all its power. For the Saracen, on the contrary, nature is an abyss: parched deserts, hard mountains, night with its overwhelming moon. Here the human scale is altogether transgressed; nature is cruel, alien, excessive, to be fled from with a veiled face. For a relief and solace he builds his house without windows; he makes his life simple, his religion a single phrase, his art exquisite and slight, like the jet of his fountain. It is sweet and necessary that the works of man should respect the human scale when everything in nature so infinitely transcends it.

Why the Egyptians loved things colossal I do not know, but the taste of the Romans for the grandiose is easier to understand. It seems to have been part and parcel of that yearning for the superhuman which filled late antiquity. This yearning took two distinct directions. Among the worldly it fostered imperialism, organization, rhetoric, portentous works, belief in the universality and eternity of Rome, and actual deification of emperors. Among the spiritually-minded it led to a violent abstraction from the world, so that the soul in its inward solitude might feel itself inviolate and divine. The Christians at first belonged of course to the latter party; they detested the inflation of the empire, with its cold veneer of marble and of optimism; they were nothing if not humble and dead to the world. Their catacombs were perforce on the human scale, as a coffin is; but even when they emerged to the surface, they reduced rather than enlarged the temples and basilicas bequeathed to them by the pagans. Apart from a few imperial structures at Constantinople or Ravenna their churches for a thousand years kept to the human scale; often they were diminutive; when necessary they were spread out to hold multitudes, but remained low and in the nature of avenues to a tomb or a shrine. The center was some sombre precinct, often subterranean, where the inward man might commune with the other world. The sacraments were received with a bowed head; they did not call for architectural vistas. The sumptuousness that in time encrusted these sanctuaries was that of a jewel—the Oriental, interior, concentrated sumptuousness of the cloistered arts. Yet the open-air pagan tradition was not dead. Roman works were everywhere, and not all in ruins, and love of display and of plastic grandiloquence lay hardly dormant in the breast of many. It required only a little prosperity to dispel the mystical humility and detachment which Christianity had brought with it at first; and the human scale of the Christian Greeks yielded at the first opportunity to the gigantic scale of the Romans. Spaces were cleared, vaults were raised, arches were made pointed in order that they might be wider and be poised higher, towers and spires were aimed at the clouds, usually getting only half way, porches became immense caverns. Brunelleschi accomplished a tour de force in his dome and Michelangelo another in his, even more stupendous. These various strained models, straining in divergent directions, have kept artists uneasy and impotent ever since, except when under some benign influence they have recovered the human scale, and in domestic architecture or portrait painting have forgotten to be grand and have become felicitous.

The same movement is perhaps easier to survey in philosophy than in architecture. Scarcely had Socrates brought investigation down from the heavens and limited it to morals—a realm essentially on the human scale—when his pupils hastened to undo his work by projecting their moral system again into the sky, denaturalizing both morals and nature. They imagined a universe circling about man, tempering the light for his eyes and making absolute his childlike wishes and judgments. This was humanism out of scale and out of place, an attempt to cut not the works of man but the universe to human measure. It was the nemesis that overtook the Greeks for having become too complacently human. Earlier the monstrous had played a great part in their religion; henceforth that surrounding immensity having been falsely humanized, their modest humanity itself had to be made monstrous to fill its place.

Hence we see the temples growing larger and larger, the dome introduced, things on the human scale piled on one another to make a sublime fabric, like Saint Sophia, triumphal arches on pedestals not to be passed through, vain columns like towers, with a statue poised on the summit like a weather-

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cock, and finally doors so large that they could not be opened and little doors had to be cut in them for men to use. So the human scale turned up again irrepressibly, but for the moment without its native dignity, because it had been stretched to compass a lifeless dignity quite other than its own.

GEORGE SANTAYANA.

The Classical Compromise

WHEN chemistry and biology and the social sciences came to be taken seriously in the colleges, professors of the classics were forced to accept a compromise. Very sullenly they undertook to impart culture under the new difficulties that philistinism had laid upon them. In spite of their displeasure, however, they had no doubt of their ability to attain traditional ends. That the untraditional demands of the new age were beginning to be heeded, that student enthusiasms had altered, did not matter. The classics were the classics still, whether undergraduates could devote to them nearly all their time or only a few hours a week. Culture was inherent in them, and culture could be trusted to triumph over curricula.

The professors have never understood the difference between the classical compromise as they conceive it and as it works out in the classroom. They think, for instance, that undergraduates study Latin and Greek out of the original texts. The undergraduates know better. They know that they read ancient literature almost entirely by the aid of third-rate literal translations; that they read these unintelligently, unenthusiastically, sneakingly, with the demoralizing consciousness that they are guilty of a dishonest practice. They know furthermore that they use ponies not for a better understanding of the authors, but for the acquisition of a deceptive glibness in answering questions about genitives and ablatives, subjunctives and optatives.

If the professors concede in their syllabi that they have time to teach only a part of Homer, a part of Vergil, a part of Sophocles, they comfort themselves with the hope that undergraduates, like the devotees of magazine serials, will be the more tempted to continue their reading because the present instalment ends abruptly. They expect the student during his first vacation to go on construing the eighteen books of the Odyssey that the curriculum allows to remain unconstrued, to follow breathlessly the story that the old wanderer tells Alcinous. They hope that he will industriously fill the great gaps in his reading as soon as he is free from the tyranny of the college course of study. But the undergraduate has no mastering eagerness to learn the fate of Penelope. A year's experience of a poem that has meant little more to him than a series of negations of the rules he acquired as he plodded with Xenophon the weary parasangs of the Anabasis has made him somewhat impatient of the classics. How can Homer be noble or simple or rapid to you if you can read only thirty lines of him in an hour? Or how can you marvel at Livy's pictured page when the pictures are all illustrations of rules in Allen and Greenough's Latin Grammar? As for the graduate, he confesses that in his bad days he seeks other props for his mind than that clearest-souled of men who saw the Wide Prospect though blind, and the halting slave who in Nicopolis taught Arrian, and the singer of sweet Colonus and its child.

The weakness of most arguments against teaching Greek and Latin is that they seek directly or indirectly to discredit the classics. Here they encounter the strong bulwark of intellectual experience. To bring home to the professors the actual terms of the classical compromise is the only profitable argument. The methods of teaching the classics, and not the classics themselves, are at fault. The present classical compromise means the surrender of discipline and inspiration for a hundred paradigms and formulas and *hos* and *hoti* rules and assorted grammatical jingles. It means a petty preoccupation with syntax; it means a distorted presentation of literature; it means pony-reading in college, and after college no reading at all.

There is a wiser classical compromise possible, which the professors so far have not taken kindly to. It gives up the syntax and keeps the spirit of the classics. Such a compromise fate forced upon Shakespeare when it took him early from the grammar school. Such was the compromise Keats accepted when his prudent guardian put him to work and he heard a warning to be immediately busy with his singing. (It is a little amusing to see the professors quote Keats to prove the necessity of studying Greek to appreciate poetry—Keats, who feverishly read Sandys's Ovid and Chapman's Homer, and stole honey from the Elizabethans and Lempriere's Dictionary.) Such was the compromise that the thousands of persons who formed Mr. Granville Barker's audiences last spring spontaneously accepted, when in a few hours, out of the translations by Professor Gilbert Murray, published in inexpensive form at the time, they read more Euripides than the undergraduate knows in his academic life. It is the compromise that thousands of the uncolleged find profit in, if we may judge from the persistence of department store advertisements of Jowett's Plato and Clough's Plutarch. It is a compromise, finally, that the professors of the classics themselves acquiesce in when they read the English Bible. It is interesting to

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note, by the way, that the literary veneration for the Old Testament is much stronger among the mass of those who know it in the English translation than among the mass of those to whom Hebrew is almost as familiar as their mother-tongue.

The new compromise is not so startling as it must seem to the professors. Classical undergraduates at present are reading a little Greek and Latin in bad translations. The new compromise lets them read twenty times as much in good translations. It relegates to the high school the task of teaching the student his grammar and to the graduate school the task of teaching him classical philology. The high school can give him enough Latin to take him through the Aeneid and a year or two of Greek. This preliminary training is desirable for its influence on the student's English, and for the opportunity it affords him of carrying his studies farther if he seeks subtler beauties than good translations hold. Instead of asking the undergraduate to pretend that thirty-lines-a-day progress through the Odyssey is anything else than tedious, it offers him a dozen English translations of Homer to read and compare and enjoy. It lets him taste the "tessaradecasyllahons" of Chapman and the ballad measures of Maginn. It lets him see how the author of the "Essay on Man," the author of "The Task," the author of "The Earthly Paradise" and the author of "The Way of All Flesh" reacted to Homer. It gives him the biblical prose of Butcher and Lang, and the saucy prose of Samuel Butler.

Why should the student know the history of the Greek drama only through a single tragedy and his instructor's introductory lectures, when there are such translations as Jebb's noble English prose renderings of Sophocles? In the semester that he now devotes to the Oedipus he can read all of Aeschylus, Sophocles and Euripides and trace the development of classic tragedy for himself.

Untainted by classical syntax, undulled by pedantry, spontaneous, joyous, beautful, are Benjamin Bickley Roger's translations of Aristophanes. The poet joined with the scholar in their making. It is good for the undergraduate to know Aristophanes, if only for the better understanding of Greek life that the comedies will give him. Too often the undergraduate's conception of the Greeks is of gleaming, half-nude supermen whose sole business in life is the creation of beauty. That monstrous phrase, "the beautiful Greek twilight," finds welcome in his mind. Twilight is the medium in which he has always beheld the Greeks; it has been impressed upon him that they look better so. Acquaintance with Dicæopolis and Trygaeus will remedy all that. It is good to know Euripides as he appears in the Frogs and the Thesmophoriazusae, and Cleon in the Knights, and to read the touching, haunting praise of country life in the Peace. The Lysistrata, the Acharnians and the Peace contain some timely things about war and preparedness and feminism. But what professor now would dare assign a comedy for an afternoon's reading by way of illustrating Aristophanes' attitude towards peace?

Jowett's translations of Plato and of Thucydides, Charles Stuart Calverley's Theocritus, printed in the same volume with his fine renderings of Vergil's Eclogues, Andrew Lang's Theocritus, Bion and Moschus, and old Meric Casaubon's Meditations of Marcus Aurelius all have a place in the syllabus of the new compromise that is only indifferently filled in the traditional syllabi. The style of Epictetus does not generally commend itself to the professors as safe for students who have learned to love pure Attic prose. And yet no Greek author offers a better chance for the investment of the student's unproductive leisure—the unconsidered trifles of time of which an undergraduate's life is fuller than it ought to be. The volume of selections in the Golden Treasury series is an excellent Epictetus primer.

A profitable course in the history of Greek literature it is now impossible to give undergraduates, because they cannot read most of the authors mentioned in the manuals. The specialized discussion of the golden age gives hardly a hint of the tedious working of the ore of time that went on before the precious metal was refined or of the gold's slow tarnishing. But to the readers of translations nearly all that is worth while in Greek literature is accessible. Now the shortcomings of translations are many, but they are far fewer than the shortcomings of ponies, and the halting, grammar-ridden versions ground out by the honest minority of undergraduates. With these actualities of the classroom and not with the scholar's joy in the original Greek, translations ought to be compared.

Over these actualities the new classical compromise has almost infinite advantages. It will train up for the philosophy lecture-room students who have read Plato with delight. It will prepare for the courses in history students who have lived with the Romans elsewhere than in the Forum and on the battlefields of Gaul, who have known other Greeks than Homer's heroes. It will be the gift of a new literature to cherish while life lasts. And it will mean the true socialization of the classics. After all, there is no reason why it should not be as natural for an engineering student to read Sophocles as to read the Bible. To give engineering students Latin and Greek under present conditions would be to waste time needed for technical studies. But to give them a short course in the classics, studied in translation, would be to provide them with a perennial spiritual corrective.

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Obviously the new compromise will demand more talent of its exponents than specialists in genitives can have. The old curriculum has bred up a school of philological martinets who know the commentators better than the poets. Even the notes in the text-books kindle only at the classification of an elusive subjunctive. The new method will need men who love literature and who know intimately the life that conditioned it. It will demand of teachers the insight and equipment of the historian, the critic and the philosopher. But in return it will substitute enduring inspiration for formulas, and give a profitable solution of a problem that too frequently has been evaded, or else approached without frankness or courage.

MEYER COHN.

Youngstown

MANAGERS of the steel industry were caught unawares on December 29th, when 6,500 men walked out at the plant of the independent Republic Iron & Steel Company at Youngstown, Ohio. Within a few days the strike had spread to other independent plants in the Youngstown district and threatened to involve the local mills of the United States Steel Corporation. Fifteen thousand men were out. Smaller strikes took place at properties of the Steel Corporation in other towns.

Elbert H. Gary, chairman of the Board of Directors, then announced a 10 per cent increase in wages for employees of the Steel Corporation, numbering more than 200,000. There can be little doubt that this action was instigated by the Youngstown strike. But whereas the Steel Corporation will not begin the increase until February 1st, the large independent plants of the Republic Iron & Steel Company and of the Youngstown Sheet & Tube Company were forced to announce the same increase effective at once.

At Youngstown the big independent companies were said to feel resentment because the Steel Corporation had not acted more promptly. The strike at the Republic plant began December 29th, eight days before the strike of the Youngstown Sheet & Tube Company. The killing of three strikers and the wounding of twenty-five others by armed guards employed by the latter company occurred January 7th, on the second day of the strike at the Sheet & Tube Company's plant. The statement was made that before the strike had spread to the plant where the riot occurred officials of the independent Republic Iron & Steel Company were ready and willing to give their men a 10 per cent advance and thus nip the strike in the bud, but that for some reason they felt it incumbent to consult the United States Steel Corporation before doing so. Judge Gary, it was said, advised against an increase. The Republic plant accordingly remained shut down for two weeks, and on January 6th a strike was declared by the 8,000 employees of the Youngstown Sheet & Tube Company. Then Judge Gary awoke to the danger and acted.

The responsibility of the Steel Corporation for labor policies and conditions in the steel industry, including plants of independent companies, rests on a firmer basis than the story just related. President J. A. Campbell of the Youngstown Sheet & Tube Company told me, by way of final justification for wages and conditions at his plant, that they were in conformity with those prevailing in the Steel Corporation. He asserted that competition must govern wages, even though it should force them below the cost of living. And Mr. J. A. Topping, chairman of the Board of the Republic Iron & Steel Company, in a letter to the writer said: "Your various inquiries can be generally answered by the statement that wage rates and working conditions of the employees of the Republic Iron & Steel Company are in all respects similar to those maintained by the United States Steel Corporation."

It is important to establish this conformity as to wages, hours and conditions, and the concert of action that apparently is necessary before they can be changed. Investigation at Youngstown confirms President Campbell's statement that the cost of living has had nothing to do with the fixing of the wage scale. Mr. J. M. Hanson, general secretary for the Youngstown Charity Organization Society, confirmed my own observations that housing conditions are wretched, infant mortality excessive, and conditions in the districts occupied by workmen's families insanitary in the highest degree, with filth, open garbage and dry privies abounding. Mr. Hanson said that the mills had not been able to give steady employment during more than half the time since he came to Youngstown eight years ago.

"At the Youngstown Sheet & Tube plant," he said, "the Company organized its own relief department. Heads of families were given employment for three days a week after investigation had proved that the families were in need. This was supplemented by the distribution of baskets of food. When a man was given employment the cost of these baskets was deducted from his pay check." Mr. Hanson described an epidemic of the slum-disease, trachoma, among the employees of the Sheet & Tube Company. He said it was probably aggravated by bad housing conditions and crowded sleeping quarters. The Company became alarmed and spent thousands of dollars eradicating the disease. Since then it has maintained an excellent hospital.

No investigation has ever been made by the

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Charity Organization Society or any other agency, so far as Mr. Hanson knew, into the cost of living. He had felt, he said, that wages were high enough, since cases of need could usually be traced to drink or bad management, while some of the steel workers actually saved money. His attention had been attracted to one case where shocking home conditions prevailed. One of the daughters, a girl of fourteen, had been rescued from procurers who had lured her to New York. He visited the home, and found conditions so bad that he called in the Humane Society. Later he learned that the family had saved eleven hundred dollars to buy a house. Mr. Hanson agreed that a family should be able to save for a home without paying such a fearful price. When his attention was directed to the necessity for organized company relief, in order that employees and their families might be kept alive during the long periods of depression, he agreed that an investigation into the cost of living and the relation between wages and destitution is urgently needed.

The largest plant in the Youngstown district is that of the Youngstown Sheet & Tube Company. Thirteen hundred stockholders live in Youngstown, and this company, under their direct control, has taken the lead in certain forms of welfare work. President Campbell instituted a voluntary system of compensation for accidents, and later supported a compulsory state law. The company is regarded as one of the best in the steel industry. Its plant is a model of safety. Its hospital in East Youngstown is excellently managed. It contributes $1,000 a year to the Charity Organization Society. The Republic Iron & Steel Company, according to Mr. Hanson, gives $500 a year. The Carnegie Company, a member of the United States Steel Corporation, last year would give nothing.

Yet in East Youngstown, maintained by this best of local companies, there are 9,000 inhabitants, 450 voters, not a single church, and twenty-two saloons. The village administration is controlled by the saloon interests. In Youngstown proper, where President Campbell and most of the stockholders live, the steel workers employed by other companies are compelled to live in filthy and insanitary tenements and hovels. Mr. Hanson of the Charity Organization Society apologized for these, explaining that the administration of health laws and ordinances had been lax for years, due to the keeping in office of a doctor who, he said, was incompetent and who appointed ignorant and untrained men as inspectors. In 1913, according to the United States census, 41 per cent of deaths in Youngstown were of children under five years of age.

It has been repeatedly charged that steel manufacturers pursue a deliberate policy of maintaining in the steel towns more men than they can use, in order that employees shall be forced to accept what wages are offered them or starve. In 1910 the government published an investigation showing that 70.8 per cent of the steel workers at Youngstown are of foreign birth; that only 48 per cent of these work nine months a year or over; that of 330 families investigated, the heads of families earned an average of $440 a year, of whom 40 per cent earned less than $400 a year, and 14 per cent less than $200 per year. Since 1910 wages had advanced, prior to the strike, 10 per cent. The cost of living, according to the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics, has advanced more than 12 per cent in the same period. The evidence seems conclusive that no standard more humane than "what will keep the working population alive" has dictated wages in the steel trade.

Last summer the Youngstown Sheet & Tube Company let a contract for a large extension to its mill. In the contract was inserted a clause that the contractor should not pay more for unskilled labor than did the company. The contractor had great difficulty in getting men, for construction workers are migratory, without families, and hence able to take advantage of every increase in the demand for labor, while the steel workers are riveted into the community by large families. The 1910 investigation showed that many were then intending to return to Europe as soon as they could save enough money for tickets.

Hunger and the fear of starvation had checked rebellion so long that the steel manufacturers were slow to act when a rush of new orders and the checking of immigration gave their employees a new independence. The attitude that prompted the strike was simply the men's realization that at last they could register a protest without facing starvation. All the resentment and bitterness born of years in which excessively long and arduous labor had alternated with the shame and humiliation of begging work and bread flamed up in their hearts.

The amazing destruction and pillage of six square blocks in East Youngstown followed the shooting down of twenty-seven strikers by armed Company guards. The strikers had gathered about a bridgehead leading to the plant of the Sheet & Tube Company. They were boisterous and ugly. Testimony in the hands of Prosecuting Attorney Henderson includes statements that one group started to set fire to a small employment office, and that another group had started to carry a heavy beam toward the gates. The guards fired, the crowd broke and ran, but returned armed with stones and revolvers. Three strikers were killed and twenty-five wounded. None of the guards was hurt. Mr. Henderson told

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me, after three days of investigation that he believed the guards had acted hastily; that they could have protected the property without firing, and thus avoided the burning and looting that followed. As it was, the crowd became a wild mob, led by men who had saturated themselves with rum and whiskey. It was the Christmas of the Greek Catholic church, and most of the strikers were Slavs.

At East Youngstown the strikers had not come under the influence of organizers for the American Federation of Labor. John J. Graney, district organizer, had attempted to hire a hall in order to address the men and urge moderation. He had been prevented by the Company, which, he alleges, hired the hall over his head. The Federation representatives did not wish strikes in Youngstown or elsewhere at this time, and they used their influence to prevent strikes at other plants. But at the Republic plant they had succeeded in getting control of the unorganized strikers and in organizing them into unions. Representatives of the Company showed an excellent spirit in meeting with committees from these unions, and when the settlement came promised not to discriminate against union men. At the Sheet & Tube plant President Campbell would have nothing to do with the Federation organizers. No attempt was made to organize the men there. The riot, the arrival of the militia, the wholesale arrests had broken their spirit.

One of the lessons of this strike is the failure of welfare work. Not only did it not bring living wages, but it left the men untrained in collective action, helpless, subservient, not only in the plant but in the community. Health laws were disregarded and community neglect remained unrebuked. In the eagerness of the strikers at the Republic plant to form unions and affiliate with national organizations lies the hope of a better day in the steel towns of Pennsylvania and eastern Ohio—in this, and in the momentary stoppage of immigrants whose numbers force submission or starvation.

GEORGE P. WEST.

In the Female Line

A GOLDEN age never existed, say the pedants, glorying in their iconoclasm. To be sure, if you mean an age when man was mild and innocent and work was play and dreams were real. But if you mean an age in which manners and institutions were true gold instead of counterfeit, there really was a golden age, and it is our business to reconstruct such another. Not by choice but by necessity was that dim past age devoted to truth. It had work of incredible difficulty to do, and no time for shams. Out of wild grasses not more promising than many still classed as weeds it was necessary to make wheat and rice and Indian corn; the diminutive leguminoids had to be transformed into peas and beans; wild carrots and parsnips had to be bred out of their poisons and into sugar and starch; the stringy mealie, fit food for starved buffaloes, had to be nursed into the artificial succulence of the banana. Out of animal stocks as intractable as those fretting themselves to death in our zoological parks it was necessary to derive the whole array of domestic animals. And—most heart-breaking labor of all—the shaggy and truculent human male had to be transmuted into the Prince Charming. Such were some of the achievements of the golden age. Compared with them, the endless repetition and variation of the half-dozen mechanical ideas comprising our boasted industrial technique seem puerile and barren. And be it noted that the work of the golden age was characteristically woman's work.

What of the social institutions that lay behind the unexampled progress of that age? The chief was the recognized primacy of woman. Descent was reckoned in the female line; the house and all it contained belonged to the mother; the rule of inheritance was from woman to woman. If the guest consort—the husband of those days—accumulated any possessions of his own, all he could do with them was to give them to his mother or his daughter. Barehanded the youth left the maternal roof to seek a bride who would give him bread and love for a life devoted to her service; barehanded he would slink back to his mother if, tried in the game of life, he had proved wanting in amenity or in usefulness. Those were evil days for the shirk and the brute. Elimination was their lot. What we may regret is that there were parts of the earth, notably Prussia, where this system never came into vogue.

We may pass quickly over the succeeding age of iron. This was the age of conquest, of slavery, of property in wives, of *patria potestas*—unlimited dominion of the male. All property was in male hands and quite appropriately so, since its social function was the maintenance of warriors. Every knight's fee was expected to maintain its leader in the fight, every common rood its man. The woman of gentle birth was the prize of victory, the solace in defeat; the woman of low station was beast of burden, slave of a slave. What the age contributed

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was sundry improvements in fighting gear, sundry ideals of male prowess and female passivity. It instituted a new scheme of selection making for strength and turbulence in men and dependence and softness in women. It was a beautiful system, the poets say, but the condition of its vitality, an all-pervasive state of war threatening not only the frontiers but every hamlet in the land, disappeared some hundreds of years ago. What remains of it is a certain attitude of mind, certain institutions and ideals which everyone knows to be out of joint with things as they are. That is why the present is an age of sham order and real disorder.

Property, as the world knows, is the root of good and evil. Property is maintenance, and an age is sound or decaying according as maintenance flows to its true claimants or to mere parasites. In an age of patient upbuilding of the arts of peace the control and distribution of maintenance lodged in female hands. In an age of war of each against all, maintenance lodged in male hands. What kind of age is the present? Ask the popular consciousness, inerrant analyst of reality. The most important work is the breeding and upbringing of the next generation; the rescue of the home from the disintegrating influences of a degenerate military and exploitative order; the provision of a place in life for the world's disinherited; the resumption of the warm progress of the golden age in the breeding of plants and animals, and in the domestic arts for want of which life has become so conscious and so barren.

This is woman's work, and the present is by nature a woman's age. So indeed it is felt, and woman is everywhere seeking, now in one way, now in another, to follow the half intelligible injunctions destiny is whispering in her ear. In a happy way, too, the world is beginning to see that the true present function of property is the maintenance of woman and her dependents and interests. Every man who amounts to anything looks upon his home and wealth as more fundamentally his wife's than his own. What do we hear, even from men who amount to nothing, when we undertake the excision of some gross abuse of property interest? "Think of the poor widows and orphans whose livelihood would be impaired."

Property belongs to woman. Inheritance ought to follow the female line, and women alone should receive bequests. What a simple change to effect, since all men agree that women ought to be supported, and that it is ignoble and immoral to leave them to wheedle support out of men. All men agree too that a man able of body and mind should have no other means of support than his bare hands and naked wits, and that a man not able of body and mind should be adjudged dependent, not jacked up with property scaffolding. I would give my land and goods to my daughter and leave my son to fend for himself, gladly; so would you if every one else would do the same. We should all accept with relief a communal decree to this end. So simple is the change to effect. But what of its results? In every department of life, revolutionary.

Let us project ourselves the space of a generation beyond the date of universal transfer of property to women, to free our vision from the transient disorder of change. We shall find ourselves in a civilization more prevailingly rural than at present, for the sage house-mother will prefer solid ground as a base for her permanent fortunes to a lofty perch in a cañon street. And we shall find rural life organized not in isolated family homes but in village groups, for the house-mother will be conscious of the thousand and one occasions for coöperation mostly ignored by men. Each household will be composite. It will contain, besides mother-owner and husband-manager, perhaps an unlucky uncle, a weak-faced brother or two, some busy spinster sisters or aunts, and a nest of children just emerging into adulthood. The boys will have been brought up to sobriety and industry, instructed in the ways of useful labor and in the science of managing house and property; drilled in the art of pleasing women, not young alone, but old as well, for shortly they will have to go forth to seek brides or fortune, with no capital beyond their personal attainments and letters to their mother's matron friends. There will be guests in the house, suitors to the daughters whom the house-mother has provided with land and goods at a distance, except for the youngest, who is to inherit the homestead. To what a scrutiny are these suitors subjected! Purity of blood, personal appearance, wit and good humor, business ability, all are given weight, for there is no property offset to personal inferiorities. The ill-favored, brutal and dull-witted are sent packing, to try their fortunes in another household and another until, broken in spirit, they make their way back to their mother's house, to devote the rest of their lives to labor under her direction. The lucky suitors who meet all tests are chosen and set at the work of estate-management. But woe betide them if they prove bad business men, brutes, epileptics or drunkards. It is never too late to get rid of a husband who spoils on your hands, provided the property remains with you.

Note how under the system our problems of life would drop one by one into the abyss. Domestic infelicity would sink first. Dysgenics would give way automatically to eugenics. The corruption of women through money would become obsolete. The incompetent and unfit would troop to the shelter of their nearest matron kin and become sterile but useful adjuncts to the household. The or-

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phaned and deserted would be distributed among the sound households, organized appropriately to the rearing of children. Gradually society would slough off the dead weight of the degenerates and outcasts spawned in the era of the militant and exploitative male. Great corporations would exist with exclusively female stockholders, who would demand in the annual reports not only data relating to material output and selling prices, but data relating to the health and happiness of the working-folk—probable source of future sons-in-law.

Inequality of fortunes would persist, and the very rich would possess power for good or evil as now. But as it is in the nature of man to mix oppression with generosity, making fealty and subjection a condition of giving, so it is in the nature of woman to mix life with giving, asking only that the fruits of her devotion live on. Hence the transfer of philanthropies to women would mean the planting of new vital groups to grow into self-sufficiency, instead of the organization of clusters of parasites to fall into distress upon the flagging of the giver's impulse. Conceive the efflorescence of the social graces, the stimulus to art and thought. In the past the solution of the nicer aesthetic and intellectual problems has been effected in the salon, where alone men of equal talent can be induced to cross their wits under the gracious control of a woman. In the new golden age the salon will have its independent foundation. It will appear, not sporadically as now, but wherever there is a woman with power to inspire men. Ownership of property to women, management to men: this is the royal road to real life for all.

TH. EBY.

Washington Notes

UP to the present the administration has succeeded in asserting American rights against Great Britain without taking steps to endanger permanently the friendship between the two countries. But it is impossible to get away from the impression that we are now blindly and helplessly drifting on the edge of much more serious trouble. No one doubts this, and least of all those who are in a position to know. German diplomacy has for the present succeeded in isolating Great Britain. It is not necessary to claim that Count von Bernstorff has set a price on the submarine surrender. What he has done is to play upon the logic of events. While we were quarrelling with Germany, England's lawbreaking was neutralized. Now that we have stopped quarrelling with Germany, England stands out nakedly as the only lawbreaker with whom this government has to deal.

What makes the situation ominous is the temper of Washington. There is a vast amount of very personal irritation against the British; as human beings our officials are in a touchy mood—they have been hurt by what Englishmen have said about them, and by what English papers have written about them. They have been nagged and insulted, flouted and subjected to months and months of pin-pricks. The phrase "too proud to fight" makes them writhe. The British Ambassador has not always kept his temper under control. This personal irritation is gradually finding reasons for itself. The Scandinavian envoys have told tales of British highhandedness; the Baralong episode has had its effect; the treatment of Greece has caused comparisons with Belgium. The important point to remember is that this is the human aspect of the situation, which is the background of the controversy. The State Department knows endless stories of how oppressively the British blockade is being administered, and the tales of injured American business men have had a deep effect. There is a considerable feeling that we have been more than lenient with the British, and that our only thanks has been contemptuous criticism. Then, too, it is important to realize that Secretary Lansing is not a diplomat but a lawyer, that he is by temperament legalistic, and that to the lawyer's mind England's violations of international law mean more than they do to a layman. There is a tendency to think of the whole matter in terms of "rights" rather than in terms of results.

No one supposes that England will yield to legal argument, and it is hard to find out whether the administration knows how far it will push the controversy. We seem to be headed for an exchange of notes increasingly violent and more exasperated in tone. Public opinion in England and the United States is likely to be embittered, and the friendship of the two countries frittered away for a long time to come. England will not yield, we are not likely to act, but we shall argue in a way that will hurt the future of our relations.

In the last analysis the administration is face to face with the great reality of world politics—the mastery of the seas. That power is so great that no foreign policy can be called a policy which has not made up its mind just what its relations are to the ruler of the seas. We have no policy in regard to British sea power. We have only a legal case. We have not paused and asked ourselves whether we are against it or for it, or whether we can compromise with it. The Germans decided fifteen or more years ago that they would challenge it. They knew and have preached the significance of British sea power. We have closed our eyes to it. To-day we are up against it. We don't want to fight it, we don't want to accept it, and out of that indecision is born the plight we are in. The great lesson of the tragedy being prepared in Washington is that the United States cannot ignore the control of the seas. It must choose, and choose soon, between resisting it or making an arrangement with it.

This is the central fact of all our confusion about Pan-Americanism, about Japan, about preparedness. We have not made up our minds whether to be friends or enemies of the British Empire. For we cannot ignore it. Our guarantees for Pan-America are either meaningless or supreme folly unless we know where England stands in regard to them. Our relations with Japan in China, in the Pacific, and in California cannot be estimated correctly unless we know whether to count upon the hostility, the neutrality, or the support of the British. And all our plans

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for preparedness are so much empty guessing until we know whether we can come to a solid understanding with that quarter of the human race which is organized in the British Empire and has set itself to control the seas.

The blockade controversy is revealing this truth, and if there is any statesmanship in Washington the administration will not shirk it. It will not think merely of legal rights or of personal irritation, for infinitely more is involved than can be stated in a legal brief. The administration is at a crossroad where it must decide not merely a legal question, but the supreme issue of our foreign policy for years to come. On the courage and insight that inspire that decision may depend our own safety and the peace of the world.

Most emphatically it cannot afford to be guided alone by the technicalities of the case, by the etiquette of neutrality, or by fear of the Germans. It must make up its mind on a much larger basis. Its policy towards Great Britain will be a crowning disaster unless that policy is determined by a vision of the Anglo-American future.

W. L.

Washington, D. C.

CORRESPONDENCE

For the Building of Peace

SIR: In a comparison of decisions touching "preferential voting," in a recent issue of THE NEW REPUBLIC, the decision of the Supreme Court of New Jersey which suited you was designated as "Eastern common sense," while that of Minnesota was labeled "Western legal subtlety." In itself this could be passed up as an unfortunate expression of incidental moment, but it furnishes a basis for the suggestion that as we are entering a new era of world relationship, it is highly important to adjust our thinking to meet the underlying principle which must supplant the old habit of thought if out of the present war chaos we emerge into a situation of enduring peace.

In another column we find this expression: "Mr. Roosevelt says, 'You wish an organized, peaceful world community; what risks are you ready to run in order to establish it?'" Referring again to the balancing of Eastern and Western decisions purely for the purpose of illustration and not for criticism, and joining with it the aspiration of Mr. Roosevelt for a "peaceful world community," what is the answer to the question, "What risks are you ready to run in order to establish it?" The answer is fundamental, and may shock some age-long conceptions of duty and cherished hearthstone ideals. Certainly, by way of approaching the subject, it will disarm the weapon of disapproval or laudation of a court decision or anything else because it comes from New Jersey, Minnesota, India or Norway.

But let us start at the bottom and build up. The lessons of patriotism are inculcated from the bottle to the grave. Patriotism constitutes the songs of a nation, makes poets famous, elects politicians to Congress, stirs the blood, and makes the flag a symbol of destiny. Probably it has been one of the most potential factors in the growth of civilization, and is not to be changed until we have something that we are very sure of to fill the gap. One wonders how a dazed peasant can have many thrills of patriotism when he is not sure at night what country he must love in the morning—but that is diverting from the main line.

The price that we will have to pay for a peaceful world community is not to spread our flag over the peoples of the world, but to erect upon our family altar which we call the United States, a new flag that shall have inscribed upon it, "I am my brother's keeper." Under this flag we may build ships, we may create an army—I do not know; but every cannon must be dimmed so that it cannot see to fire a shot that is not fired for the good of all mankind.

CARL E. HERRING.

Omaha, Nebraska.

Plan for Military Training in College

SIR: Believing that the chief aim of a collegiate course is to produce good citizens equipped with health, learning and moral stamina, able to win their way to high positions in the affairs of life; and believing that military training is of great benefit to the individual as well as a duty of his citizenship, a plan has occurred to me which might produce men of superior mental and physical equipment to the usual college graduate, with greater realization of citizenship and greater military knowledge than are possible at present. This with no financial or time loss to the student, and little extra cost to the government. It is an effort to give the student the great advantages of a short continuous military training, and to give the country a source of potential strength not now available.

A student regiment would be formed at one of our ample and unused government posts, officered by regular army officers, such as the type now detailed to teach at West Point. Students taking this course would absent themselves from college for one half year, beginning at a semester period and lapping over the summer vacation. Such subjects as civics, military history, strategy, military engineering, sanitation, (mechanical engineers might take a month in a government arsenal shop), etc., would be given under these instructors, as well as thorough discipline, personal hygiene, and an extended military maneuver under full equipment. In other words, six months of intensive West Point training at government expense. The best graduates of this course would qualify as officers in a volunteer army. The regiment would be entirely separate from the regular army, and composed entirely of students from various colleges, and the course would be outlined with the coöperation of the colleges.

The college would give one half school year credit for those completing this military course, which would be entirely elective, and each college would select such subjects, to be omitted from graduation requirements, in each department as would leave a required study of three and one-half years in addition to the army course of one half year. I would prefer to have the student return to college for an uninterrupted senior year under the collegiate influence, making the usual four years from matriculation to graduation.

The undersigned would be very much pleased to have comments on this plan from citizens in all walks of life. Please address communication as follows:

WHARTON CLAY,
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After the Play

HOLLYHOCKS go a long way but it wasn't the hollyhocks that did it for "Just a Woman." It wasn't Ned, my little Ned, or the faithful Bohemian coachman with his wooden leg, or even the Boy with a song in his heart, God bless him. Nor was it just the woman, though God bless her too, of course. It was all together, the full generous conglomeration, that brought cheer once again into our monotone lives.

There was that boarding house on the hills near Pittsburgh. Full of ambition was the little Woman who ran the house, ambition for her Man. They had slaved and saved so hard. It was totalled in the bank book, $10,421. And 82 cents. But all the Man dreamed of was to own his house on the hill. He was content to go on in the steel mills slaving, but "Jim," says the Woman, in her broken voice, "I-begun-to-notice, under the belt that goes around your middle, it-ain't-the-way-it-used-to-be. You ain't the man you was, Jim. You know what that crazy Pojensky woman up there on the hill keeps cryin'? 'Ten years! Ten years! That's all they last in the mill.' O Jim, I'm —afraid, Jim." "That's all right, Girl. Why, cain't I do twicst as much as any of them Hunkies still?" "Yes, but Jim, I've been dreaming. I'm ambitious. You never can get rich working for yourself. You-get-rich-having-other-men-work-for-you. Don't you see? And the Boy that boards here—you hear him Singing all the time. Jim, I was born in the Old Country—I know the difference. He ain't an ordinary Bohonk. He's a noble Pole. And Jim, up in a little cottage on the hill he's made a great invention. He's invented the open-face furnace, so men won't have to slave in the old way any more. . . . Can't you see, Jim? We'll help him with our money and we'll all be rich. Jim, we'll Own the Mills. Oh, I've been dreaming. There'll be no more sweat. There'll be clean food and clean drink and clean houses and clean lives and clean men and clean women and clean kids." "Give my hard-earned money to a Hunkie? Why, you're crazy. I give none of my money to no Hunkie. That goes." "But, Jim, the Blue Prints—you ain't seen the Blue Prints." He goes with truculent gait to see the blue prints. Enter the Boy, singing the national airs of Poland, as becomes a Polish nobleman. The Woman promises him in a whisper that she will win her Man. A strong, silent handclasp. The Man returns. "Well, Girl, I don't make 'em out. But you was always the one who knew. Yes, when you waited outside Mahony's saloon you used to stop me when one more drink meant a million more. Come to think of it, you have sorter second sight. Yes, Girl, give-the-money-to-the-Pole."

Is this a simple drama of success? No, unsuspecting reader, this is a drama of realities more precious than success. Within six years we behold the Man's mansion at Pittsburgh. Success has come in the material sense, but in its train has come trouble. Surrounded on all sides by butlers, French maids, chauffeurs, the woman has every visible luxury, but it is a hollow mocking. Jim has grown away from her. She has little Ned, the baby that was almost the first return on the investment, but cling to him as she may she is still desolate. Her Jim has taken to the primrose path. In New York he has met scintillant ladies. With them he consorts and carouses. At home in Pittsburgh the Woman droops, too broken even to go driving with her protégé, the faithful Bohemian coachman who had lost his leg in the mill.

After a carousal Jim comes to his home with his personal lawyer. "Divorce her," he orders. "I want my freedom." "Be calm," soothes his lawyer. "I am arranging it. All this retinue is my detective force. The plot is maturing. But one thing is imperative. You must cut out the booze." Jim glares vindictively. "That's my business. Get my freedom, I tell you. Here, you, bring me a drink, anything with a kick in it."

Hurrying from Poland comes the Boy, to stand by the Woman. But Jim is headstrong. He implants a blonde lady in his mansion. The Woman comes to him and pleads. "It's the old story, Jim. You are blowing in your wages at Mahony's saloon. Come home, Jim, and sober up." The Pole adds a word. "Get out, you Hunkie," Jim rudely commands. "I go," retorts the Pole with dignity. It is between husband and wife. Jim's heart is melting until the blonde enters. The blonde sweeps superbly to the foreground. "I could not avoid being cognizant of your remarks," she observes to the Woman. "If I have been the occasion of them, I am—sorry." The Woman deigns to notice her. "You! You mean nothing. You are just one of the gang at Mahony's saloon. I am going, Jim, to wait for you to come home to sober up. But remember, I'll stick—and stick—and stick." Exit. All the men in the audience rapturously applaud.

But Jim goes the limit. Six months later his wife is summoned to the Court of Common Pleas of Allegheny County, Pittsburgh, accused of adultery. She disdains counsel. She has prayed, she tells the judge, and she has rested her case with God. The butler, the French maid, the chauffeur, go on the stand and testify that she was guilty of misconduct with the Bohemian coachman. The coachman screams, waves his wooden leg, makes wild remarks in some highly agglutinative language and is carried from the courtroom. The Woman makes no defense. "But," explains the solicitous judge, "this means you will lose your child." "My—child? My Ned? Then, NO! I will testify. Yes, yes, I swear. It is true, it is true, I was unfaithful, with the coachman, and with others, yes, many others, thousands of others, but—you cannot take my boy. Jim is NOT his father!" Uproar. Consternation. Jim rushes from the purlieus of the court. "She lies. It is all a conspiracy. It is my fault. Gurrrrrrrr." The judge arises, majestic, stentorian. "Silence! I suspected so much. Have that man arrested and indicted." The fell conspirator is in the hands of the law.

Ten years later, quite sobered up, Jim leaves the penitentiary. The Woman is waiting for him, amid the hollyhocks of perfect domesticity, in the house on the hill.

"It was wrong, Girl," says the manly James. "I am going back to the mills. It was love before," he says in his strong way. "It is plain worship now."

"No, no, Jim," answers the Woman modestly. "You are Just a Man. I am Just a Woman. Man and wife. We'll rest here in our house on the hill. And ah, the great goodness of God." Or words to that effect.

Mother-love, fidelity, long-suffering, forgiveness—what more can you ask in one short evening's entertainment? With "Just a Woman" he makes us his slaves. There is joy even in the steel mills. There is balm in Pittsburgh.

Such entertainment from Mr. Eugene Walter is unexpected. There was no suggestion of entertainment, no excuse for it, in that anginal, that "sufficiently breathless," drama, "The Easiest Way." But an artist wrote that drama, a respecter of our persons. This is written by a manipulator of puppet audiences. And he succeeds.

F. H.

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Books and Things

SOMETHING very like a scandal, something scandal-shaped and scandal-colored, has been caused by President Wilson's reported design of appointing Mr. Joseph Johnson postmaster of New York. My attention has been called to this affair. Friends have waited upon me with a request that I put a stop, once and for all, to the practice of paying for political good-will, whether future or past, in political patronage.

After a little hesitation I have been pleased to grant their request. My hesitation was due not to any difficulty in the task itself, which has been the easiest thing in the world, but to one's natural aversion from obliging persons whose moral judgments were so different from one's own. They all assumed, these friends of mine, that tremendous loud repeated protests might keep the President from making this appointment, and that nothing else could. They all imputed to him a desire to coax and wheedle Tammany into watering and rolling and oiling his road to a renomination. Not one of them would admit that the President had probably struggled for hours alone, before getting control of an almost incontrollable desire to give the New York post-office to the best administrator he could find.

Their moral indignation is out of my reach. I can easily imagine President Wilson looking into the proximate or second-term future, seeing himself at work there for his country's and the whole world's good, getting excited by this vision, getting convinced that nobody else could handle this future quite so thoughtfully, prayerfully, solemnly, wisely. "The future needs me!" that, depend upon it, is the song which the second-term siren teaches every president to sing to himself. If you or I were nearing the end of our first presidential term we should take the same high and holy view of our own indispensability.

If we assume a President who is honestly persuaded that he is the real thing, and who hears the Stern Daughter of the Voice of God bidding him do his uttermost to keep the country from accepting an inferior substitute, there isn't much difficulty in assuming also that he sincerely believes it right, meet, proper, just, wise and decent to improve his chances of renomination by appointing any old hack to the New York post-office. "Better that it should become more difficult for a letter to pass through the U. S. mail than for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle," so he may quite comprehensibly say, "better this unlikely event than that I should fail to be renominated."

By this time you understand my position. On the one side a human President, with a human yearning for a second term, and on the other a human Senator O'Gorman with a human lust after patronage. These are the unchangeable elements of the problem. The President wants something. The President must pay for it. The only thing that can be changed is the medium in which he pays.

Under our existing system a President who decides to buy pays in patronage. Under the system I advocate he would pay cash. A board of political appraisers or political adjusters would consider every case as it came up. Theirs would I admit be a difficult task. In the present case they would have to appraise many things—the President's desire for a renomination, Senator O'Gorman's power to keep him from getting it, Senator O'Gorman's power to help him get it. Their opinion, when handed down, would fix the money value of the appointment, leaving the President free either to pay this exact sum and no other to Senator O'Gorman, or else to break with the Senator. And this, be it observed, is exactly the kind of freedom which the President enjoys under the existing system. My plan leaves moral values about where it finds them. The President's moral predicament would be about what it has been for a fortnight past. As for the public, the people, the voters, the only change would be an increase in the number of those who condemned such a transaction, since when it was put on a cash basis some persons would see it clearly who don't see it clearly now. This increase might be offset by those who now are angry at the stupidity of an arrangement which sacrifices good administration to politics, but who wouldn't much object to cash payments as a form of insurance against bad business management of an important business office. For when my plan was at work the President would be at liberty, as soon as he had fed his hungry Senator, to appoint the best man he could find, or even to reappoint the present incumbent.

The cash, under the new plan, would be divided among those persons to whom the old plan yields cash. Senator O'Gorman, who won't be a penny the richer if President Wilson appoints Mr. Johnson, would of course keep none of the amount allowed him by the board of adjusters. He would pass it on and on. His hands would be as clean as they are now. To say who would finally get the money is beyond my powers, but it wouldn't be beyond the powers who now do the sums in division for Tammany Hall.

From time to time minor difficulties would of course arise, as in Mr. Bryan's case. His power for mischief, his ability to prevent Congress from carrying out any of President Wilson's legislative programme, were so great that it would have required a lot of money to extinguish his claim to be Secretary of State. Let us suppose that this had been done, that necessary millions or hundreds of thousands had been paid Mr. Bryan and by him distributed among deserving Democrats. Great indeed would have been the gain to the diplomatic service! But suppose also that Mr. Bryan, either in person or through his lawyer, now seeks a reopening of his case. "We concede," his lawyer might argue, "that Mr. Bryan's claim has been satisfied, and that President Wilson holds his receipt. But when this payment was made no one foresaw the European war. If it was worth the President's and the nation's while to keep Mr. Bryan out of the state department in time of peace by the payment of x, we submit that the value of his absence has been trebled or quintupled by the outbreak and the continuance of war. Give him more."

To this objection there are two answers. First, the existing system is open to the same objection. Mr. Bryan does not, as it happens, want another important office from the administration, but if he did want it he would behave as he is behaving now. Secondly, under my plan the cash would be paid in monthly or quarterly instalments. If Mr. Bryan didn't do what he could to get the administration's measures through Congress his payments would cease. If Senator O'Gorman didn't live up to the terms of whatever contract he might make with the President, no more money would be paid out under that contract. A duly and legally constituted authority would decide whether a contract had been violated. Nothing could be simpler.

In other words, to replace a system which coarse men call bribery, and which not even your virtue or mine would be quite proof against if we were in the White House, I offer a system which nobody could mistake for anything but bribery, and which does neither our diplomatic service nor our national civil service any harm. I am sure the taxpayers would be glad to bear the cost of the new plan.

P. L.

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Foundations of English Law

The Law of the Constitution, by A. V. Dicey. New Edition. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.50 net.

OF the high merit of Professor Dicey's work it is now unnecessary to speak. This book has itself made not a little of the constitutional history of the past thirty years. The incomparable grace of its style, the lucid profundity of its thought, have won for it a place beside Bagehot and Bryce and De Tocqueville as the irreducible minimum of political analysis the modern student of government must read.

Of especial significance in this new edition is the long and deeply important introduction in which Professor Dicey surveys the conditions of our time. It would take no inconsiderable volume adequately to discuss that introduction, and I, certainly, cannot now pretend to write it. But the importance of one or two of Professor Dicey's observations is so great as to justify even the briefest canvas of their validity.

He still writes of federalism as a *pis aller*. It connotes not unity but union. But is this a defect? Is it not a mistaken simplification of the issue to talk of government as thus unified? Government has a variety of aspects. In some, clearly enough, as in the case of a tariff, for example, unity is desirable enough. Yet in others, in education, for instance, the value of local variation is abundantly clear. The imperative need in education is experiment. If you permit the state to undertake this function a broad and conservative uniformity results; if its character is left to localities the same end can be served by different means. In England, I feel tolerably certain, the type of educational method needed in Cornwall and Devon and Dorset differs from that required in Lancashire and Yorkshire. In a centralized system this difference has been and must be ignored. Then, again, unitary government is in a high degree dangerous to local life. Centralization seems to have the effect of making local politics mean and petty and parochial. Industrial legislation is slower because it has a vaster field in which to play. Federalism surely provides a means whereby the local life of the state's parts can be made real. I can imagine no more splendid England than one in which certain local divisions strive against each other for the leadership in progress. Federal government, Professor Dicey writes, is weak government. That does not seem to me to be necessarily the case. During the Ulster difficulty the strength of the unitary government of Great Britain did not seem strikingly apparent. Nor was it made more apparent in the recent strike of the miners in South Wales. The truth is that every state is implicitly a federation and remains unitary only so long as it does not neglect the reality of its constituent parts. When unwise statesmen do not realize that the interest of those parts is not necessarily summed up in the whole but may be set over against it, may clash with it, then a serious disruption may result.

It is this general distrust of federalism as an artificial and rigid, I had almost said a morbid creation, which makes Professor Dicey write with such vehemently bitter opposition about the grave problem of imperial federation. When Great Britain is at war, he declares, the colonies are at war. It is difficult to obtain any satisfactory mechanism of such a vast congeries of states. The people of Great Britain have no desire to surrender their preëminence in the empire. If any imperial unity is to come, come it will; but it must come as a result of natural growth and does not permit of hothouse cultivation. Is all this true? Is the empire at war when Great Britain is at war? So long ago as 1900 Sir Wilfrid Laurier expressly repudiated that contention on behalf of Canada. Canada, he argued, would have the right to choose whether her interests or duties were so involved as to make her participation in the conflict necessary. As a fact in the wars of South Africa and the present day she has played her part. But anyone who has the slightest knowledge of Canadian public opinion knows that everywhere in the Dominion there is a deep feeling of resentment at a contribution which seems if not in theory at any rate in practice very like taxation without representation. Anyone who has read the brilliant attack on imperial federation by Mr. Asquith at the Colonial Conference of 1907 will know how extraordinarily complex and tangled the whole problem is. But also anyone who tries to analyze the factors of the present war cannot but realize that we have therein the very impressive and important spectacle of the British empire acting as a moral unit. It came into line piecemeal and shapelessly; indeed, like some incoherent monster with words to say and no tongue to speak those words. But it came into line. Spiritually a federation, it acted as an unit; it then becomes difficult to resist the contention of those who would give political form to that spiritual substance. How that is adequately to be done certainly not I dare presage. But that in some sort it must be done no one who lives in Canada or Australia can doubt. Surely it is evident that the growing importance of the Colonial Conferences marks a step forward along this road, as also the recent noteworthy presence of Sir Robert Borden at a meeting of the British Cabinet. It is the admission that from the chaotic mass some shape must eventually be hewn.

To me it is of very deep significance that Professor Dicey should note the growing sense of a disrespect for law. That sense he remarks in the phenomena of Ulster, of strikes, and of militant suffragism. He believes it to be largely traceable to the recrudescence of the old idea of "natural rights" abolished (for university purposes) by Professor Ritchie in a famous book. Well! Here is clear evidence for the student of psychic research that the dead return. We had thought of Rousseau peacefully buried; but Professor Bosanquet served up his *volonté générale* some fifteen years ago in his "Philosophical Theory of the State," and now his natural rights seem fain to enter upon a new heritage. And they have a very ghostly substantiality. Why? I think the real reason is in truth a very simple one. It is found in the event that the quality of the state cannot endure unless we make certain conditions its basis. It cannot, for example, endure (at any rate in any tolerable sort of way) unless the political democracy we have erected is coeval with an industrial democracy. Men have a right to adequate wages, not an historical right but a moral right, because without them they cannot live that highest life for which—Aristotle stands sponsor for the idea—the state came into existence. Now men and women resent the state the law of which neither expresses nor attempts to express the need for translating such rights into effective political activity. They resent it and they resist it. I may point to two instances of this. The Osborne decision of the House of Lords destroyed the whole confidence of labor in that institution as a judicial tribunal. Everyone knew that the political activity of the trade unions was essential to their functions; everyone knew that manufacturers' associations did virtually the same thing in virtually the same

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way. Yet on a mere technicality the House of Lords attacked the trade unions in their aspect of real groups with a real will. It tried to strangle them within the four corners of a musty contract. It is not to be wondered at that the trade unions should feel suspicion of such handling. My second instance is the differential treatment meted out on the one hand to Mr. James Larkin and on the other to Sir Edward Carson. The former, as is well known, was a labor agitator who was imprisoned for inciting to riot; but Sir Edward Carson, though guilty, as one who planned to levy war against the king's person, of constructive treason, went unpunished. Is the worker seriously to be blamed if he feels doubts of the courts which admit of such anomalous use, of law which can be so differential in its incidence? If Professor Dicey wants to remedy this danger he must make English law coincide with the spirit of modern England, instead of leaving it clad in the dignified armor of our ancestors' ideas.

Yet with all the fundamental conservatism of outlook, the yearning to stand by the ancient ways, this is a great book, for which every student of political affairs will be profoundly grateful. It goes upon the shelf with Blackstone and Bagehot, nor do they resent its company. Mr. Viner of the Abridgement would be proud indeed of his Oxford foundation could he know that it led Professor Dicey to the composition of these famous lectures.

HAROLD J. LASKI.

An Inadequate Theory

Modern Painting, by Willard Huntington Wright. New York: John Lane Co. $2.50 net.

"GIOTTO, El Greco, Masaccio, Tintoretto, and Rubens, the greatest of the old painters, strove continually to attain form as an abstract emotional force." "With them the organization of volumes came first, and the picture was composed as to line." "Out of this grew the subject matter," and the human figure and the recognizable natural objects were only the auxiliaries, never the sought for result. The "highest aesthetic emotion" can be aroused, and the "intensest emotive power" can be shown only through color organizations which do not represent anything—which are indeed as pure and abstract as organizations of musical tones.

These quotations from the book on modern painting by Mr. Wright indicate sufficiently the sympathies which determine the author's attitude to contemporary art. He is not only the advocate of the extreme abstractionists in painting, the men who believe that representation interferes essentially with the artist's freedom and expressive power, but in addition to this he is so obsessed by the value of his aesthetic doctrines that he cannot believe that real artists ever thought otherwise than those of his predilection do to-day. It makes no difference that none of the men he mentions in the quoted passage, nor any of their contemporaries or followers, ever expressed themselves to such effect, and that all their works give evidence of the most intense interest in dramatic representation. Mr. Wright, like many another theorist, knows better, and can recognize a slavery that the slave despite his genius could not feel. He can see that Rubens was hampered more than he was aided by the wealth of figures whose physical splendor and moral conflicts he depicted, and that Michelangelo would have been better off without the nude through which to express his passion—that an abstract form generating by its inherent logic other forms would have led to something emotionally much richer than anything we find in the Sistine ceiling.

A thesis so improbable and so remote would hardly ask for serious discussion if it had not become important through its development in various forms of contemporary art. We are likely to have in New York a number of exhibitions where all kinds of cubist, synchromist, orphist, vorticist, pictures will be shown. They all, whether dealing chiefly in color or in line, are concerned with the viewpoint of "pure art," with the notion that can best be considered in relation to the musical analogy. Can painting be compared to music? Is it possible to build color structures that have the validity of musical composition? Very few people find the cubist and synchromist pictures satisfying. Is their theory good enough to encourage hope?

This theory I shall restate in Mr. Wright's own language: "The evolution of painting from tinted illustration to an abstract art expressed wholly by the one element inherent in it—color—was a natural and inevitable progress. Music passed through the same development from the imitation of natural sounds to harmonic abstraction." "So long as painting deals with objective nature it is an impure art, for recognizability precludes the highest aesthetic emotion." Form and rhythm alone are the bases of aesthetic enjoyment, all else is superfluity. Therefore a picture, in order to represent its intensest emotive power, must be an abstract representation expressed entirely in the medium of painting, and that medium is color. "Since the art of painting is the art of color, the synchromists—according to Mr. Wright, the logical apex of painters—depended entirely on primary pigment for the complete expression of formal composition." With his freedom of distortion, Cezanne "opened up the road to abstraction"; Matisse made form even more arbitrary, and Picasso approached still nearer to the final elimination of natural objectivity. Then Synchromism, combining the progress of both Cezanne and the Cubists, took the final step in the elimination of the illustrative object, and at the same time put aside the local hues on which the art of Cezanne was dependent. Thus was brought about the final purification of painting. Form was entirely divorced from any realistic considerations, and color became an organic function. The way was opened, and it rests now with the artists to follow it.

It might be admitted that in a rough way color—with its scales, its complementaries and other stable relations—corresponds to musical tone relations. Likewise objects represented correspond to words, because in both cases the value of the form by itself is not equal to the value which the form and meaning together have. The Delphic Sibyl of Michelangelo or a portrait of Rembrandt is more than the value of its line and space arrangement—just as the word "rose" is more than what is given in the mere sound. The kind of painting that has generally prevailed could therefore be compared to the song in which values of word combinations are married to tonal organizations, and the dramatic compositions of Rubens and Tintoretto would find their analogues in acts or scenes of an opera. However, in the case of sound it has proved possible to separate words and music, developing on the one hand the art of poetry and on the other that of instrumental music. The theory set forth above claims that an analogous thing can be done with objects of sight. But is this true?

There prevails quite generally a notion that whereas music and poetry exist only in time, painting exists only in space. This seems almost obvious; yet it is practically not so, for though a painting spread out before us all at

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once, it is only in time that it can be apprehended. The eye does not see a picture at a glance, but takes in the surface by a succession of movements over the extended canvas. The total impression is the result of innumerable reviews. Anyone can find by trying that even in quite small pictures we never see the surface clearly altogether; but whereas in music and poetry there is only one direction in which to read, in the picture there are many such directions. We can elaborate almost endlessly the musical composition, because the movement from beginning to end determines what comes after what, and so simplifies the task of apprehension. In the picture there is no such compulsion. The eye passes over it in all directions. A bright spot of color may hold it at one moment and the adjacent colors will group themselves about it. At the next moment another focal point attracts, and again there is a grouping of color spots about it. The picture never comes to rest. But even Mr. Wright admits that, though form does not seek an absolute equilibrium, it does seek an approximation to stability. And this is what abstract painting never gives. It does not determine that the mind shall find the same whole thing in its various excursions across the picture's field.

There can be, so far as I can see, only two ways of attaining the necessary fixity—symmetry or the presence of recognizable objects. Symmetry is completely given in the kaleidoscope. There the eye is led inevitably to the centre because of the radially symmetrical arrangement. It makes no difference how casual or how purposeful the assemblage of elements may be; for, multiply them in such a fashion as to repeat the pattern, a stable form results. However, the aesthetic possibilities of radial symmetry are limited, and there is left only the alternative of recognizable objects. Such objects represented are found in all the pictures with which one is familiar. Color spots are held together by recognizable objects in which they inhere. As Mr. Wright has pointed out, there was in the older painting great remissness in establishing close connection between the color relations and the form relations, and the characteristic development in color throughout the nineteenth century was to make the color and form more coherent. Such color coherence and form coherence in recognizable objects is a goal that has justified itself in the achievements of nineteenth century painting, but Mr. Wright claims that this progress tends to justify their separation and leads him to a logical argument. Having reviewed the history of modern developments, he tells us that there was deformation and more deformation, till objects became almost unrecognizable, and then "in the end the illustrative obstacle was entirely done away with. This was the logical outcome of the sterilizing modern process." This means, for example, that because you can reduce the working parts of a machine, therefore the logical conclusion is that they can be made to have no weight. Of course, if they could work and still have no weight, the inference would be logical. If the service rendered by the object when distorted could be rendered by the object when it ceases to exist, this would be logical; but no logic can carry you through distortion to non-existence. What Mr. Wright has nowhere done is to examine more or less exhaustively what the object in painting really does. Instead, he has assumed that it is an inessential thing, and that his theory would be obvious.

As Mr. Wright himself insists so much upon his thesis, it is not unfair to him to insist upon its fallacy. Rather it is unfair to the reader to obscure by this insistence the value of Mr. Wright's discussion of modern art. Bad as the theory is when over-applied, it is of worth in stiffening and clarifying his treatment of the different painters and their relations to each other. Many of the judgments will seem to the average reader grossly unfair, but it must be remembered that the contemporary valuation of mid-nineteenth century painters has tended recently to get the sanction of definitive judgment. The high value placed on Manet, Monet, Degas, by their defenders has justified itself as against the unlimited condemnation by their detractors; but it will not necessarily maintain itself against a critical reexamination by those who are neither defenders nor detractors. Such a position is taken by Mr. Wright, and although there is distinct bias, none the less I know no other discussion of all this matter half so good. There is an unfortunate tendency to extravagant generalization, as when he says of Delacroix that "what raised him above the general run of painters, baroque and otherwise, was his slight talent for composition." His interesting chapter on Delacroix does not justify this statement; but the itch to be general, to give the values of universality, leads to such futile remarks. There is also a great deal of the superfluous omniscience of statements like the following: "The Chinese, the Greeks, the Renaissance, even that full Indian sculpture in the Chatya of Karli of the eleventh century B.C. are all in him." In spite of that, the chapter on Renoir, where this occurs, is the best thing on that painter that I know. The Cezanne chapter, making always due allowance for the "theory of non-representation," is very good; and what he has to say about more recent movements is in the main fair and discriminating. An exception must of course be made in the case of the Synchromists, with whose views he has so largely identified himself.

LEO D. STEIN.

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Lover of Locomotives

America at Work, by Joseph Husband. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.00 net.

MR. George Santayana, in addressing a California audience, once remarked that the difference between traditional American thought and present American life is embodied in the difference between our colonial mansions and our skyscrapers. Our philosophy has dwelt at ease in its old-fashioned genteel domiciles, tempered with a few surreptitiously introduced improvements, while our energy has gone dashing on, unregulated, unheeding, into the newest and most astounding enterprises. Mr. Santayana hinted that it would be a good thing if these two should somehow get on speaking terms.

Mr. Husband might easily have been a dweller in the colonial mansion. In his mind the idea always lurks above the thing, and there is some hint of a moral order in his cosmos. Yet Mr. Husband has not sat indoors playing with abstractions. He has come out to take a look at the skyscraper.

Lovers of knights-at-arms and readers of Ruskin who have never been able to admit the beauty of a locomotive should read this book. "I can see it coming," says Mr. Husband, "several miles away, its powerful headlight fingering rails and telegraph wires with a shimmer of light. Silently and slowly it seems to draw nearer; then suddenly, it is almost above me. A wild roar of steam and driving wheels, the wail of its hoarse whistle at the crossing, and then, looming black against the night sky, it smashes past." Later one of these great creatures stopped before him. "Beyond the yardlights its song rose clear and vibrant. With a flare of lofty headlights and the grind of brakes it was beside us, steel lungs panting heavily, a reek of oil sweating from heated sides." He boarded it, and it started on, "plunging like a derelict." "The fireman slid open the jaws of the fire-box, flooding the cab with light and heat. Within, the flame, white to pale daffodil in its intensity, twisted like streams of fluid in the draught. Behind the cab the black end of the tender rose high above my line of vision, rocking and swaying in contrary motion to the engine, like a bulldog twisting on a stick."

Stern, gray concrete; steel girders hammered by chorusing pneumatic riveters; dynamite plowed in brown furrows by the mixing wheels; telephone boards twinkling with tiny flashes; white-powdered flour mills; giant electric generators whining loud while down below the driving water thunders in the tailraces; men and women who strongly, quietly, day by day, serve these vitals of the nation; America at work. It is a book which is alive with energy, beauty, dignity.

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The New
REPUBLIC

Fall Literary Review

Keeping Step

TO speak of literature without reference to the war would be a joy. It would also be an affectation. Literature becomes a reality as an interaction between the author and the reader, and no sophisticated reader scans a book today who is not pervaded by the war. The old conception of human relations, of international ethics, of national consciousness, of the citizen's place in the state, of self-assertion and self-sacrifice, had been formed by the present generations on a certain established order, an order that wars had affected but had very partially revised. This war has changed it all. It has not re-written Dickens and Blake and Spenser. It has not altered a line of Dante or the Greek anthology. But it is revising the imaginations that respond to such souls. The war is ploughing contemporary imagination with shell and shrapnel. It is ripping it with steel. It is wrenching the foundations of comfort and testing the foundations of faith. Nothing that preceded 1914 will in the end be unqualified by this convulsion of the world. The expressions will not be different, but they will impress a different mind in men.

The wish precedes the idea, and it is the effort of men everywhere to establish at once their personal vision of the war. The old conceptions altered, it is the aim of novelists, poets, philosophers, psychologists, men of religion, men of worldly affairs, to rush forward a new conception—a conception based in most cases on the strength of their desires. This first convulsion in literature means only that the war is being fought out on paper as well as in the trenches, that writing men are seeking with their own weapons to establish those "truths" for which their compatriots are giving their lives. This confusion of current literature adds to the confusion of minds torn by the conflict. The task of criticism at such a time is bewildering. Critics who themselves are revising their conceptions are driven to attempt interpretation. It seems like an effort to measure with a sieve.

But however difficult it may be to conceive the world readjusted on a basis not frantically partisan, there is a process in mankind that does make for tenable ideas. A wounded world is in one respect like a wounded body. It excites forces within itself that seek to repair or offset the wound. The red corpuscles have their strict spiritual analogy. There are men who, in the very midst of afflicted society, write with an instinctive effort to reconstruct a social conception of the world. It is not that these men also have not been challenged by the war for their decision as to the meaning of life. The war has brought in its own fashion a day of judgment. It has compelled men to nominate definitely their idea of good and evil, and to decide whether they will live and die by that choice. The easiest decision, the decision not to decide, is in itself fateful. It commits its makers to accept events they might have turned. But every man who is not partisan is not thereby a Laodicean. Men are needed who will primarily do what they can toward making a new conception that will hold.

If criticism can discriminate faithfully between the literature that is thus looking forward and the literature that refuses to look forward, it has helped in a far-reaching crisis. It has prepared the mind to work with the forces of life.

It is not the war alone, however, that asks for such criticism. It is the whole process of industrialism and social interrelation that made possible this war. To assimilate life to new art is no easier a task than to assimilate life to new ideas. The whole tendency of men is to fight against any such change. If industrialism brings with it a modern urban civilization, mechanistic and inflexible, men naturally resist the notion that there is beauty or can be beauty in its ungrateful conditions. It is the task of criticism to encourage such artists as reveal the beauty in these obligatory novelties of life. What men live by they come to adapt æsthetically. Even in the trenches the soldiers strive to make or find an æsthetic response. A "love of beauty" should not, consequently, be confined to the orthodox forms. If beauty appear anywhere, in the least ingratiating surroundings or in the "sudden splendor" of the most unpromising lives, the genuine critic will rejoice in it. By seeking to impose on life the conditions that seem to us pregnant with beauty, we do something to cultivate it. But we do more to cultivate it by recognizing it in those conditions imposed by life itself. It is not easy to modify the economic activities in which men most readily make their living. But it is imperative to

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detect in those activities the human aptitude for beauty. The best criticism is that which loves life so well as to take beauty as it comes.

An intenser perception of the present crisis will in the end affect America as a whole. So far our provincialism has not coped with the crisis. The result of it will therefore be more likely to strike the great American people in other regions than the illuminated heart or the vivified mind. But this makes the sophisticated judgment more consequential than ever. It should impel the readers of books to pay every heed to genuine criticism. It should impel every critic to know well the life that is the father of all books.

Reconciling Irreconcilables

The Reconciliation of Government with Liberty, by John W. Burgess. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50 net.

DURING the constitutional and political discussions which culminated in the presidential campaign of 1912, apologists for the traditional American political system were prone to assert that the Constitution and the government of the United States was the final and almost the perfect extract of the accumulated political experience of mankind. It did not invite or permit amendment and improvement. Any change in its essential provisions must be a change for the worse. As an aftermath of the discussion Mr. John W. Burgess has written a book entitled "The Reconciliation of Government with Liberty," specifically for the purpose of proving the American Constitution of some years ago to be the consummate flower of the political wisdom of the world. Just as Hegel considered the Prussian state of his day to be the triumphant result of a long process of rational political evolution, so Mr. Burgess considers the American system to be the most satisfactory solution of the ultimate political problem—the problem of reconciling government with liberty.

Mr. Burgess' method of establishing his thesis is simple. In the first place he assumes without discussion that "it has been the search of the ages to find a political system, the travail of the ages to construct one, in which Government and Liberty shall be reconciled." In the book now being reviewed he records and analyzes the result of this search. He begins with an account of the "effort of Asia" to solve the problem, and he soon reaches the conclusion that to the "genius of Asia," which is religious, the "solution of the problem of the reconciliation of Government and Liberty is clearly extremely difficult, not to say impossible." Having disposed of Asia he turns to the "effort of Europe," which has been sufficiently prolonged and strenuous to require for its analysis about two hundred and fifty pages out of the three hundred and eighty contained in the volume. The Athenian state in his opinion made "a great and promising" attempt to solve the momentous problem; but it seems to have failed because the court of the Areopagus—which acted as a kind of censor of the government in the interest of liberty—was not as independent of popular dictation as is our own Supreme Court. The Grecian effort ended consequently in mere despotism. So did that of Rome, for in the system of the Empire "as finally adjusted by Diocletian there was no place whatever for the constitutional Liberty of the Individual." During many centuries thereafter the Christian church constituted the only effective check upon governmental despotism. In the same way the author dismisses the political system of the primitive Germans with the condemnation that "it secured Individual Liberty only by participation of the Individual in governmental power"—"a crude and ineffectual way."

It is scarcely necessary to accompany Mr. Burgess on his somewhat dreary journey across the ages of political obscurantism until the dawn of modern constitutionalism. Considering that his method is fundamentally analytic rather than historical, he wastes an enormous amount of space on incomplete summaries of the political history of the several European nations. The result always is either that Liberty is ascendant over Government and anarchy has supervened, or Government has thrown Liberty for a fall, and the nations were plunged into a more or less complete despotism. The significant part of the book is not found in this torturing of history in the interest of its conformity to an orthodox formula, but in the chapters towards the end in which modern constitutional government in Europe and America is described, and its embodiment in the political systems of different countries analyzed and compared.

The extraordinary feature of this phase of Mr. Burgess' discussion is his method of considering modern constitutions not as living bodies of law or structures of government which in their operation have actually succeeded in reconciling government with liberty, but as essays in theoretical constitution-making, which do or do not measure up to what he considers the standards of abstract perfection. These standards are complicated and exacting, and their application results in a series of startling practical judgments. Great Britain is usually supposed to have succeeded in combining more individual liberty with a more authoritative government than any European nation, but according to Mr. Burgess its constitution is radically and hopelessly inferior. It shares with the constitutions of Russia, Austria and Italy the "almost fatal defect" of not possessing "an organized Sovereign back of both Government and Liberty." In this respect the constitution of Switzerland is the only one which furnishes "a fair foundation" for the solution of the ultimate problem. The constitution of Great Britain is also fundamentally defective, because it does not offer a "well-defined sphere of Individual Immunity against governmental power"—that is, a Bill of Rights protected against violation by the legislature. Another almost equally fatal drawback to the British system of government is that of its two legislative bodies one is subordinate to the other, whereas, according to Mr. Burgess, "Political Science insists upon a parity of Powers" between the two parts of a dual legislature. The countries which enjoy the inestimable blessing of two equally powerful legislative bodies are Russia, Germany, Austria, Sweden and Switzerland; and the reason for their political superiority over Great Britain and France is, in Mr. Burgess' opinion, ridiculously simple. They are the states in which "men of intelligence, character, thrift and wealth still occupy stations in political society" warranted by their public services. They are the states in which the "higher classes have retained their vigor and courage" and have buckled on "a spiritual armor," which gives them the same "mastery over their fellows that the helmet and breastplate of steel gave their predecessors."

Without going any further into the details of Mr. Burgess' discussion of the "European effort," we can jump to

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his conclusion. He cannot consider the present constitutions of the European states as offering "any satisfactory solution of the great problem of the reconciliation of Government with Liberty. Liberty is sacrificed to government in them all." And the sacrifice would already have been disastrous were it not for the restraining influence "of a rational philosophy of the state" in the Teutonic nations and the influence of the Roman church in the Latin nations. And as against this verdict of European failure, there is an equally emphatic verdict of American success. According to Mr. Burgess, "the six South American states, viz.: Argentina, Brazil, Colombia, Peru, Uruguay and Venezuela have from the point of view of the problem of the reconciliation of Government with Liberty, made some considerable advance over the European states." They have avoided "the tendency to autocracy on the one side or Parliamentary absolutism on the other." Mr. Burgess admits that they "appear" to lag behind Europe in "their general political civilization," but what of that? A nation can apparently make a great advance in a solution of the problem of reconciling government with liberty and still make a poor showing when it comes to "general political civilization." In the case of the United States there is no such drawback. Our own system was defective in certain essential respects until after the Civil War, but the Fourteenth Amendment, which prevents "any state in the Union from depriving any person of life, liberty or property without due process of law and from denying to any person the equal protection of the laws, completed the realm of the Individual Immunity against governmental power, and the judicial interpretations in a sense generally favorable to liberty—gave to the United States of America the most perfect system of civil liberty, the best protected and guaranteed against governmental power, ever attained in the civilized world."

Even a perfect political system does not, however, seem to be any less ephemeral than the imperfect constitutions of other countries and other times. As long ago as 1898 the process of deterioration began, because of the acquisition by the United States of insular dependencies and the decisions of the Supreme Court making the government omnipotent in the colonies. This was the beginning, and it was followed by a still more dangerous change in the adjustment of government to liberty. A demagogic attack began to be made on corporate wealth early in the new century, but as long as Congress was unable to tax incomes it could not be carried very far. But alas, at the instigation of so sound a lawyer and so eminent a political scientist as Mr. Taft himself, an amendment to the Constitution was passed taking away the all-important guarantee of Individual Liberty, and Congress was empowered to tax individual and corporate incomes according to any method which it cared to adopt. Since then we have, according to Mr. Burgess, "no real constitutional Government upon the most important of all subjects, the relation of government to the individual's right to property." Thus the idyllic perfection of the American political system as it prevailed during the last two decades of the nineteenth century has vanished. The United States has been betrayed into an "imperial policy abroad" and a "paternal policy at home." "The Jingo and the Social Reformer have gotten together and have formed a political party which threatened to capture the Government and use it for the realizations of their program of Caesaristic paternalism, a danger which appears to have been averted only by the other parties having themselves adopted the program in a somewhat milder degree and form."

It would, however, be unjust to Mr. Burgess to give the impression that he is entirely opposed to "paternalism." But he prefers paternalism to be as thoroughly paternal as it is in the Fatherland. He quotes with approval the following words of the German Emperor uttered some twenty-five years ago: "Das Mass erträglicher socialer Reform ist bedingt durch die Stärke des Staatsgewalt und deshalb ist bei uns vieles möglich was anderwärts vielleicht gefährlich wäre." In other words, an exceptionally stable and powerful government which stood above all social classes and was independent of them might be trusted to exercise coercion on one class for the benefit of another, but an unstable shifting government representing a propertyless class which would benefit from confiscation and the redistribution of wealth cannot be trusted with any such power. Paternalism, that is, may have a chance of success in an autocratic state somewhat independent of public opinion, like Prussia, because such a state might really have the wisdom of a father, but in a modern democracy the policy of a majority embodies merely the whims or the cupidity of a mob. They have not the slightest idea of what is really good for them; they have no real power of learning; and if they act, their action will be dictated by base and selfish motives. In so far as social reform is necessary it must be handed down from above. The coercion implied by a social policy must not be an expression of the popular will or be mitigated by popular consent. In this particular case government can be allowed to tamper with liberty because such interference involves only the liberties of the great mass of the people.

H. C.

The Novel of Ideas

THE cretinous butlers who make up the mass of respectable English critics have always disliked Mr. Wells. This is partly because he is alive. Admitting the greatness of the dead means platform tickets and one's name in the *Times,* long dinners passing into a drowse of speeches spiced with the better-known quotations from Horace, and all the treats that make up the literary "bean-feast" known as the centenary. But to hail the greatness of the living is to admit that something planted in the same soil as oneself has grown to a mightier flower. Moreover the butlers very rightly fear that if Mr. Wells goes on as he is doing the household will be broken up and they will be turned out of their pantries; for he has inspired the young to demand clear thinking and intellectual passion from the governing classes, instead of the sexual regularity which was their one virtue and which, he has hinted, is merely part of a general slothfulness and disinclination for adventure. Ostensibly they are not butlers at all. They pretend to be priests of art, and as such they are attempting to object to Mr. Wells' latest and most dangerous book, "The Research Magnificent."

They say it is not beautiful; it is as physically beautiful as a bowl of roses, as a ray of sunlight striking deep through cold green water, as mists full of rainbows on a wet mountain. They say the characters are puppets; if we have never met Benham, the white-faced researcher after aristocracy, it is only because he is still half the world away, standing in the mad Indian moonlight of the jungle, facing the tiger as it draws itself lengthily from the darkness into the frosted silver of the clearing, and lifting a lean hand to it: "I am Man. The Thought of the world." They say it is a dreary stocktaking of dry things of the mind; it is full of a kind wisdom that gilds the dull appearances of this

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world. Ever since my schooldays I have been thinking of my teachers as people with badly-shaped heads who found the works of George Frederic Watts "helpful," and liked Wordsworth in a defensive sort of way as though it absolved them from liking anybody newer and bolder. But here, from reading Benham's note on his schoolmaster father, I suddenly remember and understand all sorts of straggling, dingy intimations which should have told me that these people were honorable and profoundly pathetic. "My father did manage to convey to me his belief that there were these fine things, honor, high aims, nobilities. If I did not get this belief from him, then I do not know how I got it. But it was as if he hinted at a treasure that had got very dusty in an attic, a treasure which he hadn't himself been able to spend." And as one hates school less for these phrases, so one loves life much more for Benham's demand that we should be aristocrats, "each one in the measure of his personal quality an aristocrat, refusing to be restrained by fear, refusing to be restrained by pain, resolved to know and understand up to the hilt of his understanding, resolved to sacrifice all the common stuff of his life to the perfection of his peculiar gift, a purged man, a trained, selected, artificial man, not simply free, but lordly free, filled and sustained by pride." But the butlers no more care for this sweetening and illumination of the world than they marvel that a man who three years ago published that base and absurd book, "The Passionate Friends," should to-day publish this noble and technically perfect novel. "Mr. Wells," they say, "allows himself to fall into disquisitions. Ideas have no place in a novel."

This dogma that ideas have no place in a novel is poisonous nonsense that ought not to be spread in a society where the mind is unnaturally receptive because it is fatigued by the contemplation of horror. An artist who is inspired to creation not by ideas but only by the stimulus of wild external adventure is an interpretative rather than a creative artist. As a dancer must wait for the music, so he must wait for loud events to give a tune for the movements of his imagination. As soon as Rudyard Kipling no longer saw from his window little brown men walking light and sinister like carnivores in the molten Indian sunlight, but looked out instead on the pump and three geese on the village green, his mind refused to dance. It is long since Joseph Conrad left the sea, and his imagination no longer gets its rhythm from the storms. But the man in whose brain ideas circle upwards to the truth has the rhythm of their flight and the adventure of their quest perpetually within him. They are visitants that every artist must harbor if he wants to be permanently in communion with the mind of the world.

The history of literature proves abundantly that an idea is not a motive power that ought to be hidden behind an anecdote as an automobile engine is concealed by the bonnet. "Don Quixote" as frankly and exclusively discusses an idea comically as "The Brothers Karamazov" discusses one tragically. Indeed the magic force of an idea depends upon its nakedness. Zola and Tolstoy were both men of the same epoch who sinned similarly against art and the flesh. Both men pinned life down on the board of realism as one pins down a butterfly, and did not see that thereby they deprived it of the movement which was its essence: the description of the race in "Anna Karénina" is as chill a slab of death as the description of the garden in "La Faute de l'Abbé Mouret." Both men were not clean about love. There is hardly an affair of passion in the works of Zola which should not have been dealt with by the local sanitary authority. And it is an ironic revelation of Tolstoy's fitness to lead men back to simplicity that he had that shame of nakedness and the body that is found usually in the slum-dwellers who are the victims of the most complicated processes of civilization. These books were written from thirty to forty years ago; and every intervening year has made it truer that a picture of humanity which does not take account of its thoughts about high and abstract things is false and unarresting. To-day every one of us moves at the same time in the personal world of passions and desire for comfort, and the impersonal world of ideas, as the swimmer gives his body at once to the air and the sea.

This activity of the intellect is not a modern foulness hanging over mankind like smoke over a city, but a part of human soundness. "It is as natural to seek explanations and arrange facts as it is to make love, or adorn a hut, or show kindness to a child," says Mr. Wells. "It is a folly I will not even dispute about, that man's only natural implement is the spade. Imagination, pride, exalted desire are just as much Man as are hunger and thirst and sexual curiosities and the panic dread of unknown things." To draw mankind without these instincts is to draw him and rub out the cause of his beauty. For as the path of a star is decided by the resistance of the medium through which it passes, so the emotions travel to ugliness or fineness according to the quality and education of the mind into which they leap. We admit this dependence upon the mind for beauty in life if we do not in art. Otherwise that great stone house with the blindish-looking windows which stands on the hills not far from here would be a temple of inspiration for artists, instead of a thing that hurts the nerves whenever it is thought of. The little girls and boys who inhabit it are very often slips of young loveliness and are gifted, I am told by those whom the state employs to look after them, with extremely warm and liberal passions. Yet the novel about the feeble-minded has not yet been written.

It is plain that Mr. Wells writes about ideas because he is in love with the truth and not because he desires a richer kind of beauty. But this only means that, like all great beauty, like the wonder that emerges from the metaphysical speculation of "Hamlet" or the magic that is spun by Dostoevsky's moral discussions, the effect of "The Research Magnificent" is accidental. The people who sit in the great room of his story would seem to any other author compelled to failure by their association with Benham, the white-faced prig who will not look up from his papers. Very pleasantly would Mr. Henry James fill a story with the gleaming good breeding and silvery brightness of Benham's little mother, Lady Marayne, and indeed it is not so long since Mr. Wells himself approved the type in Lady Mary Justin. Amanda his wife, the wild-haired Amanda of infinite delights, was right to give herself to a courtlier knight when Benham left her to pursue a cold idea. Yet when the torch of the intellect is thrust into the room these appearances melt and change. If aristocracy be our aim and if it means fineness and honesty, then this little woman who spends the wealth of the world on the decoration of her mean little body is an offense to the spirit; and Amanda, hollow as a troll-woman, had behind her adventurousness so little of "that passion to get things together into one aristocratic aim, that restraint of purpose, that imperative to focus," that a man could stay by her only by the destruction of his soul. Benham, the white-faced prig, is a king pale with striving, and the papers in his hands reveal the magic secret of the world. If we found that a something sits among the stars and does not know that he is God, does not know that the quaint little world he imagined one idle day a million years ago was forced thereby into exist-

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ence, and was even now spinning and dripping blood as it spins, how we would cry up the news to those unknowing ears! It is something as strange as this that Benham tells us. There is "an unseen kingship ruling the whole globe, a King Invisible, who is the Lord of Truth and all sane loyalty. There is the link of our order, the new knighthood, the new aristocracy, the new aristocracy that must at last rule the earth. There is our Prince. He is in me, he is in you; he is latent in all mankind." Here at last is a temple for our homeless faiths, a place of beauty where we can satisfy the human instinct for high endeavors, a place of power where we compromise our ambition, the leadership of the world. And it has been revealed to us by the despised attribute, the intellect, which we are told should be taken from the hot grasp of the artist and left to the cold hands of the professor.

REBECCA WEST.

London.

Desire as Hero

The "Genius," by Theodore Dreiser. New York: John Lane Co. $1.50 net.

THE insistent theme of Mr. Dreiser's work is desire, perennial, unquenchable. The critic who would discuss him takes his life in his hands. He must either be denounced as an advocate of prostitution, or an admirer of that second-rate pseudo-passion which Mr. Hearst and his able fictional lieutenants have made it their business to introduce to our American consciousness. A public which uses the word "sex" as indiscriminately as it does would be very hard to talk to on the subject of desire. As currently used, sex has a subtly derogatory sense. What it really means is, "We have no intention of making primary the values and implications which cluster around desire." A recent naïve critic expressed it exactly when he preferred Booth Tarkington to Tagore and Artzibashef because Tarkington makes business the master-motive of life, to which religion and sex are incidental. One simply takes them for granted in a turmoil the vortex of which is professional or business action. Of course no great Continental novelist ever believed this, Rolland or Dostoevsky or Tolstoi or Frenssen or Nexö, and it is in this contrast of values that we get our American uniqueness in the imaginative world. The major motive of these Continentals is almost always the inexorable desire of life, a desire which is no more physical than it is spiritual, a desire which consists often of walking in the mud with the face towards the stars. This push and yearning is what makes for religion and art in a kind of insatiable straining towards realization and perfection. The East has too much of it and tries to put it to sleep. The West in the last century had almost too much, but struggled nobly to make something out of it. That struggle, embittered by a new knowledge of how meanly constituted the world was, produced modern literature.

No matter how badly Mr. Dreiser might do his work, he would be significant as the American novelist who has most felt this subterranean current of life. Many novelists have seen this current as a mere abyss of sin from which the soul is to be dragged to the high ground of moral purpose and redemption, but this will not quite do. The great interpreters see life as a struggle between this desire and the organized machinery of existence, but they are not eager, as we are, to cover up and belittle the desire. There can be little creative imagination as long as we regard the motion-picture trappings and action of life, the safe running in social harness, as "realer" than primeval or almost subconscious forces.

That Mr. Dreiser is our only novelist who tries to plumb far below this conventional superstructure is his great distinction. We have enough "red blood" in our fiction, but too much of it is patently compounded of carmine and water. And if we are to talk of bestiality, there is nothing more bestial than the romantic love of the conventional novel. What Mr. Dreiser has discovered is that "libido" which was nothing more than the scientific capturing of this nineteenth-century desire. You may come away from the Freudians and the Jungians chagrined at their technicalities and horrified at their phenomena, but you can scarcely deny that they have found and interpreted a central *leitmotiv* of our human living, which is immensely to illuminate our understanding of ourselves and the world about us. What Mr. Dreiser seems to me to do is to give us a crudely impressive fictional portrayal of this motive. His hero is really not Sister Carrie or the Titan or the Genius, but that desire within us that pounds in manifold guise against the iron walls of experience. Sister Carrie was a mass of undifferentiated desire, craving finery and warmth and light and sympathy quite as much as satisfied sex. The masculine Titan appeared in unpleasantly crystallized form of physical passion. In the Genius the libido takes the form of an insatiable desire which is sexual and yet incurably aesthetic. In his world, genuine spiritual monogamy would be an *idée fixe*, a kind of pathological petrifaction of desire. Here it is always overleaping the particular, seeking something elemental, almost metaphysical, that eludes the individual woman. The "Genius" himself calls it Beauty, and perhaps that is as good a word as any. Some magical manna he seems to seek in the women he is mad about. As they pass from his sight, that spirit merely becomes incarnated in another form. To those who would dismiss a character like Eugene Witla, the "Genius," as a beast, such an interpretation will seem over-idyllic. But he eludes moral capture. From Mr. Dreiser's first chapter we are out on a wider and more perilous sea.

Mr. Dreiser carries his hero over a restless field of adventure. From his boyhood in the Illinois town he takes him to Chicago and little jobs, until he discovers artistic talent and is drawn to the dazzling life of New York. (Mr. Dreiser never quite gets over this dazzle.) Studio life, exhibitions, social intrigue, come to a halt in nervous collapse and the effort to recover through hard physical labor. When the Genius's career revives, it is in the form of advertising art and the dizzy directorship of the United Magazines Corporations. Ultimately his good art reasserts itself, and he regains his place in the world. Through all of this runs the tragic stream of incontinence.

Mr. Dreiser writes of the erotic with an almost religious solemnity. There is something crudely massive about such a long epic of desire. There is a touch of the same Greek tragic note which vibrates through "Spoon River Anthology." The Genius, swept away by girlish beauty, is himself bewildered by the vehemence of the Unknown Eros within him. That experience of such thrilling loveliness should end in such bitter and humiliating woe! Like Medea's "O wrath within me! Spare my children!" he feels himself haunted by this power not himself which makes for unrighteousness. The storms of angry chagrin which his unfaithfulness excites in his wife Angela bring him only the most undisguised astonishment. There is almost Greek irony too in the fact that the only good, responsible and dutiful act which he performs—his mar-

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riage to the devoted Angela—precipitates many of the horrors. When her child finally releases her in death from a purgatory of agonized jealousy, we are left with the unquenched Genius, worn but not repentant, restored to his painting and reconciled in a devotion to his unwelcome little daughter.

This does not pretend to be a solution. Through the chaotic welter of his artistic, business, and social career, the Genius wearily seeks a guiding thread which does not emerge. His researches in Herbert Spencer, cosmic philosophy, and Mrs. Eddy, are curiously typical manifestations of the libido. Mr. Dreiser seems to take them all very seriously, but he is honest in not making them points of satiation for weary desire. Very true also is the contrast between the Genius's hard and realistic art and his supersensuous life. He never becomes integrated, because with talent and passion and intelligence he yet finds himself in a world which is too diverse and too big for him. He is on a sea which is full of cross-currents where he cannot steer. The major current pulls him where he would not go. And the sea opens so far on every side that he does not know in what direction he wants to steer. One feels that this chaos is not only in the Genius's soul, but also in the author's soul, and in America's soul.

Mr. Dreiser compels and convinces almost entirely in spite of his method. He has no distinction of style. His conversation is negligible, and at times falls even below the level of cheapness. He is portentously wordy. He has no humor. And yet one reads him. In the 736 pages, one skips only the business and social details—which are too minute to be even good photography. One reads him because he never forgets that he is talking about life as it is lived, and because he takes it seriously. Even scenes of freezing realism like the birth of Angela's child do not offend as they might. He is always saved by a plodding sincerity. His people are rarely desirable or interesting. Yet they live and you cannot escape them.

And for all its dull and rather cheap texture, the book is set in a light of youthful idealism. Nobody but Mr. Dreiser could manage this fusion, but it is there. For the Genius the golden glow shines from everything. Always there is a sense of the miraculous beauty of girls, the soft clinging of charming atmospheres. Of sordid realists Mr. Dreiser is certainly the most idealistic. You cannot disillusion him. He still believes in, and still gives, a sense of the invincible virginality of the world.

I trust that the quotation marks in the title indicate Mr. Dreiser's realization that he has created only a second-rate personality, that he never, indeed, creates any but second-rate personalities. In the Genius he has made, however, a grandiose caricature of the masculine soul. And his real hero, anyway, is not his second-rate personality, but the desire of life. For this, much shall be forgiven him.

RANDOLPH BOURNE.

Egoism in Poetry

EGOISM goes into poetry as well as into every other expression and every other activity. Nevertheless it seems right that the thing that inspired the poem should not be dwarfed by the poet's vision of himself. The poem, presumably, is for generations; the poet is a passing man or woman: when the poet makes himself appear more important than the occasion of his poem we are aware of an inversion.

One of the several differences between the imagist verse and the work of the accepted poets is that in the new verse there are many such inversions. Burns writes about a mouse and the mouse is not diminished by a grain. Byron writes about things that are obviously big—mountains, the sea, battlefields—and he leaves them at least as big in our imaginations as they were before. Now we may look at the work of some of the imagists. Mr. John Gould Fletcher writes about a city and it becomes as small as a place bestridden by a Colossus ("London Excursion"). Mr. Richard Aldington writes about a girl and she becomes, not a living creature, but a shell ("Daisy"). When one speaks of egoism in poetry there is always someone present who mentions Byron. Byron puts himself forward as Sardanapalus the poet-king and as Manfred the mortal who has earned an immortal's doom; he draws attention to himself on the field of Waterloo and he declaims about his love for the Ocean. And yet even Byron's poetry does not leave the same impression of egoism as do the poems of nearly all the writers who have published imagist verse. If you believe that Byron was a great egoist in poetry read "When We Two Parted," and then look at Mr. Aldington's "Daisy":

WHEN WE TWO PARTED

When we two parted
In silence and tears,
Half broken-hearted
To sever for years,
Pale grew thy cheek and cold,
Colder thy kiss;
Surely that hour foretold
Sorrow to this.

They name thee before me,
A knell to mine ear;
A shudder comes o'er me—
Why wert thou so dear?
They know not I knew thee,
Who knew thee too well:
Long, long shall I rue thee,
Too deeply to tell.

DAISY

You were my playmate by the sea.
We swam together.
Your girl's body had no breasts.

To-day I pass through the streets.
She who touches my arm and talks with me
Is—who knows? Helen of Sparta,
Dryope, Laodamia.

And there are you
A whore in Oxford Street.

Now Byron's poem may be of the drawing-room while Mr. Aldington's is of the mountain; "When We Two Parted" may be nerveless and sentimental while "Daisy" is clean-cut and virile. But Byron's is certainly less egoistic than the poem in "Some Imagist Poets." One poem shows concern for a life other than the poet's; the other is concerned with the writer's own moment.

Those whom we may call the accepted poets wrote with constant reference to something which they thought was outside themselves—something that was not dwarfed by their own proportions. With Burns this something was the life of a community. With Blake it was God. With

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Byron it was a blighting and destructive force in nature and in the heart of man. With Shelley it was made up of ideal systems. With Wordsworth it was the still, enduring life in inanimate nature. And so it was with the other poets. They do not seem egoistic because they write with constant reference to something outside themselves. Poets often brag. Landor makes the familiar brag when he tells the beloved that Helen and Alcestis live because of verse and that he and she will be hailed when Oblivion hides the peopled hills because of what he has written of her. But even this poem of Landor's does not appear egoistic. Like Byron, like Shelley, like the others, he wrote with reference to something that had his respect if not his awe —to art, which he thought he loved next to nature, but which was for him what his community was to Burns, and what the life in nature was to Wordsworth.

The imagists do not make reference to anything outside themselves that has their imaginative regard. The writer, then, appears to be more important than the occasion for his expression, and the verses produced seem to be unusually egoistic. (I have to make an exception in the case of some of Mr. D. H. Lawrence's poems—they are dramatic lyrics in which the poet speaks of an ego other than his own.) Of course, many who have written tolerable verse have made lip-regard to some conventional imaginative conception and have concealed an egoism in that way. I do not do this, an imagist might say; I give you at least the truth of my egoism. A student of literature might say in reply, you must then appeal to the tolerance of the generations; Heine appealed to it by being witty and by being unique. Some of the imagists try to be witty. But the form they have adopted does not tend to make their verse unique.

These poets may not have enlarged the domain of literature but they have certainly enlarged the scope of current expression. They have added shrugs and gestures to poetry. Formerly one had to reserve a stray impression or a stray desire until one had enough substance to fill at least two stanzas; now one can embody such strays in three lines, one word and four dots. Our every reaction can now be given a form. A ridiculous name for an ubiquitous person—three years ago we should have had to deny ourselves the expression of this reaction. Now one of the imagists can write:

> Miggles—
> That was his name,
> Everyone always said
> "Miggles did it."
> Oh, Miggles
> I admired you from the beginning—
> Miggles.

It may seem egotistical on their part that instead of acknowledging the creations of other poets by using verse-forms sanctioned by Spenser or Shelley, by Blake or Fitzgerald, the poets of the imagist group insist on making their own forms. There is more adventure than egoism in these undertakings. In the spirit of adventure many experiments are now being made; some of them may result in the perpetuation of new forms, and many are helping toward the discovery of a new poetic material and a new poetic idiom.

I do not wish to give an illustration of the ego in criticism by making the whole of this article a denial. In the work of the imagists there are the outlines of many new forms—forms for lyrical verse, for narrative, for dramatic dialogue, for oratorical statement, for epigram. The oratorical form is the one that they use most generally at present. Already they may have added this form to literature, making something midway between prose and poetry and giving definite form to those oratorical passages that have always been in English prose. One of the many instances of achieved lyrical form is Mr. F. S. Flint's "Eau-Forte" in "Some Imagist Poets." One notices that this poem, although unrhymed, is quite regular in its verse stresses. Then, too, some of the able work of Mr. D. H. Lawrence in the same anthology is in rhymed verse. These two examples make one bold enough to ask if the new poets are wise in breaking with two shackles—rhyme and regularly stressed verse. If the theory of the group is to be found in the general practice of its members, both rhyme and regularly stressed verse are to be discarded. Time and more volumes will show us whether to do this is to do well. Meanwhile it is well to remember that in artistic theory the half is often better than the whole.

PADRAIC COLUM.

Sinews of Peace

Towards International Government, by John A. Hobson. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.00 net.

EVERYONE who begins to think out a plan for assuring peace soon finds that he has to calculate upon the very thin premise that nations will be willing to surrender something. He may find himself asking them to surrender an imperial ambition, or a portion of what they regard as their sovereignty, their freedom of action, their isolation, their independence. But give up something they must if peace is to be wrought. There is no hope for the world if all the various destinies, dignities, and pan-blankisms are to be capitalized indefinitely at one hundred per cent.

A scheme which doesn't imply the surrender of some "vital interest" is certain to be a delusion. The reason for this is simple. You cannot satisfy infinite desire in a finite world. There is only one Constantinople, for example, which means that pan-Hellenism, pan-Islamism, pan-Slavism, and pan-Germanism cannot all win at the same time. Some dreams must be surrendered, others must be transfigured, before peace can become a real possibility. We may take it as an axiom that disappointment is in store for anyone who proposes to build a more harmonious world and begins by reserving to every state full liberty of action, complete independence, and unlimited sovereignty. There must be audacity in a scheme for peace to make it worth considering. Something less than audacity is not only futile but dangerous. It diverts the attention and creates that false sense of security which is the mother of disaster.

Better the man who knows that this is a world in which wars happen, than a credulous person who will not believe in war till it overwhelms him. But best of all is the man who says in effect: "Peace is to be had on these terms. They are difficult terms. They are for the present perhaps impossible terms. But peace cannot be created for less. Pay this price, overcome these obstacles, or admit that occasional war is on the calendar of human life." A man who speaks in this fashion is a true pacifist, for though he can offer no cheap optimism, he keeps the faith by remaining true to reality.

Obviously this does not mean that a plan is likely to be sound just because it is daring. The proposal to limit armaments in Europe was daring, but it was unsound because it asked for the maintenance of a status quo which national ambitions were trying to alter. Because it had nothing to propose as a solution for the ambitions, it was

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vain in trying to induce a surrender of power. The proposal to create a league to coerce nations into arbitration is daring because it presumes a willingness of mankind to fight in a quarrel which may not be its own; but it is unsound, I believe, because it proposes nothing which can allay trouble before it reaches the point where arbitration is necessary.

The scheme laid down by Mr. John Hobson seems to me to be lifted far above most pacifist thought in that it recognizes the need for something more than a temporary vigilance committee. The very title of Mr. Hobson's book reveals the candor and courage of his thought. The path of peace is "Towards International Government," and if his book had no other merit, it would deserve to be read carefully for the incisive criticism which Mr. Hobson applies to the ideas of those pacifists who are inspired by The Hague and the League of Peace. His argument is especially interesting because it starts from the same general ideas as theirs, and his assumption, like theirs, is that there will be an international rapprochement based on a growing body of law and an increasing number of sanctions. But Mr. Hobson points out clearly that we cannot stop with a proposal for courts. We need international legislation and an international executive to deal with the causes of trouble before they become too acute. The logic of this seems to be unanswerable, and the ingenuity and detail with which Mr. Hobson argues it are worthy of his great reputation.

Yet we must confess that this whole body of thought seems extraordinarily thin and cold. It has the fatal quality of sounding unreal. What can be the explanation of this? What is there about it that makes one feel depressingly certain that it is not going to be accepted by the world? It is a fine structure of ideas, full of reason and tolerance. Yet it seems to lack something which would attach it to the governing motives in the nations as we know them.

This is due, I think, to the fact that Mr. Hobson and others assume a surrender of ambition, power and sovereignty without making it clear how this surrender is to be brought about. After all, it has never been insuperably difficult to think out a good constitution for a state or a good international system for the world. The central difficulty has been to find enough people who desire the constitution and are trained to operate it. It is a truism to say that no machinery will work without a powerful impulse to work it. The chief difference between the doctrinaire constitutionalists and the successful unifiers like Hamilton, Cavour and Bismarck has not been in the matter of inventing machinery. It has been in their power of summoning great social forces to support their plans. The mere idealist democrat relies almost entirely on reason and persuasion and good will. He assumes that his plan is likely to be accepted because it is a good plan. But the master builders have already worked upon habits, interests, and desires which are deeper than reason. They have proposed schemes which worked not because of their intrinsic merit as intellectual arrangements, but because of their capacity to enlist the backing of powerful social and economic interests. They have not imagined that the world could be run by the people of disinterested mind—there are too few of them. The great achievement of statecraft has not been to serve God and ignore Mammon, but to bend Mammon into the service of God.

So we are compelled to ask the internationalist what interests and what motives he is relying upon. If the will is there, the way will not be too difficult. Yet just this necessary analysis English and American pacifists seem to avoid most. They tend to assume a desire for peace and then immerse themselves in the details. They take it for granted that the nations are overwhelmingly anxious for harmony, and then lay down devices which harmony requires. In his preface Mr. Hobson faces this difficulty. "Could a Conference of Powers bring about a reduction of armaments by agreement?" he asks; and his reply is: "Surely not unless the motives which have led them in the past to arm are reversed. These motives are either a desire to be stronger than some other Power in order to take something from him by force—an aggressive motive; or a desire to be strong enough to prevent some other Power from acting in this way to us—the defensive motive. Now how can these motives be reversed?" Just this crucial qustion Mr. Hobson fails to answer in convincing fashion. He does say that a defensive league will give a sense of security to the non-aggressive and put a stop to the aggressive; he states later in his book that "the dread and despair" of militarism will make people friendly to increased international relations, and towards the end of discussion he holds that there will have to be democratic revolution in Europe before the will to peace can be strong.

The analysis must even be carried further. For example, can any workable distinction be drawn between the aggressive and the defensive motive? Our own Monroe Doctrine is a case in point. Most Americans regard it as a purely defensive doctrine. But a great part of Latin-America, Germany and Japan regards it as a supremely pretentious policy rooted in an aggressive impulse. Is our refusal to admit Oriental labor defensive or aggressive? Doesn't the answer depend upon whether you are an Oriental or a Californian laborer?

I should not care, however, to conclude a comment on so noble a book as Mr. Hobson's in this purely negative vein. Our striving is, indeed, "towards international government." To make it effective, we shall have, I imagine, to make some such approach as this to the problem of motive: There are a few great states which form the preponderant force of the world—the British Empire, Germany, Russia, the United States and Japan. With these united, no great war would be possible. What then are the sources of trouble between them? What are the main points of friction? An analysis seems to make clear that the scenes of antagonism are the weak, exploitable portions of the earth. These are the places where imperial ambitions are developed, where the defensive-offensive motives are generated. Over these objects of imperialist expansion the nations split. May it not be that they can be made the keystone of international coöperation? For a joint control is the only way in which a number of conflicting ambitions can all receive a partial satisfaction. If, for example, no one Power could be trusted to hold Constantinople, are we not forced to conclude that the Powers should hold it together?

I should imagine, then, that the way to achieve international union will be through a number of partial unions at the scenes of greatest friction. The surrender of sovereignty will be much easier if it occurs at first in outlying portions of the earth. It will be much harder to justify "independence of action" if the proposal to limit it is applied at first in different countries where the masses of people at home are not deeply concerned. But in establishing coöperation in the areas of imperial friction we should be doing two great things: we should be attacking the chief causes of international trouble, and establishing the habit of internationalism. That habit is likely to grow just because it is exercised at the points where it is most needed.

W. L.

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Concerning the War

The Great War: The Second Phase [From the Fall of Antwerp to the Second Battle of Ypres], by Frank H. Simonds. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. $1.25 net.

The World War. How it Looks to the Nations Involved and What it Means to Us, by Elbert Francis Baldwin. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.

The Anglo-German Problem, by Charles Sarolea, D.Ph., D.Litt., F.R.S. (Edin.). American Edition. With New Introduction. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.00 net.

France in Danger, or French Nationality Menaced by Pan-German Aggression, by Paul Vergnet. Translated by Beatrice Barstow. New York: E. P. Dutton and Co. $1.00 net.

Britain's Case Against Germany. An Examination of the Historical Background of the German Action in 1914, by Ramsay Muir, Professor of Modern History in the University of Manchester. New York: Longmans, Green, and Co. $1.00 net.

Treitschke's History of Germany in the Nineteenth Century. Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. With an Introduction by William Harbutt Dawson. Volume One. New York: McBride, Nast and Co. $3.25 net.

Germany, France, Russia and Islam, by Heinrich von Treitschke. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50 net.

The Confessions of Frederick the Great and The Life of Frederick the Great, by Heinrich von Treitschke. Edited by Douglas Sladen. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25 net.

Problems of Readjustment After the War. A Symposium. New York: D. Appleton and Co. $1.00 net.

The Audacious War, by Clarence W. Barron. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.00 net.

The War and the Balkans, by Noel Buxton, M.P., and Charles Roden Buxton. London: George Allen and Unwin, Ltd.

Geographical Aspects of Balkan Problems in Their Relation to the Great European War, by Marion I. Newbigin, D.Sc. (London.) New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.75 net.

War and Woman. An Exposition of Man's Failure as a Harmonizer, by Henry Clay Hansbrough. New York: Duffield and Co. $1.00 net.

The World Crisis and Its Meaning, by Felix Adler. New York: D. Appleton and Co. $1.50 net.

THAT there should be books without end upon the subject of the great war is natural and even desirable, for the war is the greatest transformer of opinions in generations, and a book serves the double purpose of educating the author and relieving his feelings. Of the war books now pouring from belligerent countries like high explosive shells from their munition factories, many are mere missiles like the shells themselves. They are personal experiences with a bias, or strategical discussions with the strategy prearranged. Or they are shouting, exclamatory books, or explanatory books, or criticisms or even uncritical denunciations of the enemy. More serious books seek to reveal the backgrounds and antecedents, the hidden causes of this war, and these causes are found in accidents of historical growth, or in the teachings of the schools, or in the economic situations of the nations involved. Still other books analyze war in general, the methods to avert it; and a mass of war literature deals with the subject of what America has to learn.

Of the books on strategy, "The Great War: The Second Phase," by Frank H. Simonds is likely to prove one of the most popular. It is an account of the chief diplomatic and military happenings from the fall of Antwerp to the second battle of Ypres. The book is a re-working of articles which have appeared in various magazines and newspapers and have been modified in the light of subsequent events and fused into a connected narrative. It has the defects of such a method. It does not avoid repetition. It wears thin as it proceeds. It does not entirely conceal the errors which the author made in his rapid prophecies. On the other hand it has the excellent quality of being a report of things as they happen. Equally contemporaneous, though less valuable, is the book of personal experiences of Elbert Francis Baldwin, "The World War." Mr. Baldwin reproduces for us a series of mildly interesting letters written from the various European countries during the summer and early fall of 1914. These letters contain stories of a few people whom Mr. Baldwin met, including "the cook in our *pension*," a small amount of familiar historical matter, and a few rather obvious reflections. Nowhere does the book cut deep.

In sharp contrast with these only semi-partisan books are those which justify the nation for which they are written by proving that it has been wrongfully attacked. To believe that a war has been forced upon you is of immense moral and eventually military value, and in England and France, as also in Germany and Austria, innumerable books, official and unofficial, take up this theme. No argument seems more convincing than the disregarded warning issued before the war. It thus happens that in 1914 Charles Sarolea's "The Anglo-German Problem," first published in 1912, and Paul Vergnet's "France in Danger," published in 1913, jumped into sudden prominence. Sarolea, a Belgian who for twenty years has studied German and British literature and public opinion, comes to the conclusion that the imperialism of Germany is the irreconcilable enemy of England, that short of a fundamental revolution in ideas and ideals, "war is indeed predestined." "The German people still live under the spell of Prussia. The Imperial Eagle, the bird of prey, still remains the dread signal of German Imperialism." To Vergnet, it is France who is to be the first victim of Pan-Germanism. He describes the spread of German chauvinism, the constant rattling of the sabre, the shrill appeals of war-makers to German wage-earners and intellectuals. On the whole uncritical and even panic-stricken, the book is at all events stirring. It ends with the cry, "France is in danger because of the deliberate will and the concerted plan of a powerful society of bellicose doctrinaires." It is a summons to France to prepare.

Far more closely reasoned is Ramsay Muir's "Britain's Case Against Germany." With admirable lucidity, Professor Muir presents what has now become the orthodox English view, a contrast between a militaristic, imperialistic, grabbing Germany, hypnotized by the martial successes of Prussia, and a pacific and democratic Britain, building her empire and civilization upon the foundation of justice. Like most of his countrymen, Professor Muir attributes the militarism of Germany in large part to the influence of the intellectual classes, the professors of history and political science, and especially to that blackest of *bêtes noirs*, Heinrich von Treitschke.

To-day no English book can be written on any subject, except possibly cooking or quadratics, without dragging in

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the name of von Treitschke. Only last year the late Professor Cramb deplored the fact that "not a page of Treitschke's greatest work had been translated." The omission is now being more than repaired. The first volume of Treitschke's brilliant and eloquent "History of Germany in the Nineteenth Century" appears in English translation, with a brief critical analysis by William H. Dawson. Five more volumes are promised during the coming year. A series of Treitschke's essays, written between the years 1871 and 1895, is published under the title "Germany, France, Russia and Islam." In this book Treitschke reveals himself as the politician rather than the historian, though Germans in political life are incorrigibly historical. He argues strongly (in 1871) for the cession to Germany of Alsace-Lorraine. It is Germany's not only by right of the sword but because we Germans—"know better than these unfortunates [the Alsatians] what is good for the people of Alsace." In these essays, as elsewhere, Treitschke is vehemently and uncompromisingly Prussian, a defender of the German Empire as against the small states, and of Prussia within the Empire; and he is contemptuous of France and England. Like many conservative Germans he is rather friendly towards Russia. "An astute, strong Germany policy," he declares, "has nothing to fear from Russian alliance."

Still another Treitschke book, if we may call it a book, is a volume edited by Douglas Sladen, composed of a mixture in equal part of what Mr. Sladen calls "the extremely amusing and shameless" "Confessions of Frederick the Great" and von Treitschke's "The Life of Frederick the Great." It is obviously a book made for the occasion, and badly made. The so-called "Confessions" are in part dull, in part, however, pleasantly scandalous, with a faint flavor of facetious indecency and a somewhat clumsy cynicism. The Frederick of these "Confessions" makes his bow as a self-amused Macchiavellian. It was the demand of his people, he asserts, "that obliged me to make a new code of justice," but "I am very sensible that I have reduced the old dame from her long robe to a jacket and petticoat." Even though we should enjoy Frederick, however, it is difficult not to be bored by the sententious Mr. Sladen. He seems to be convinced that Frederick inspired Bernhardi, and Bernhardi brought on the war. His comments on Treitschke are absurdly moralistic and insular, and on Frederick the Great, proposterous. Bernhardi, Frederick and Jim Larkin are all manacled together in a single condemnatory paragraph, and the Prussian *Kultur* is described as "the culture which it would be more reasonable to call the *Prussian vulture.*" (The italics are the italics of Mr. Sladen.)

There are authors, however, who look beyond Bernhardi, Treitschke and the "Royal Larkinism" of Frederick the Great for an interpretation of the causes of the war. In "Problems of Readjustment After the War" are several excellent studies, especially Professor E. R. A. Seligman's "An Economic Interpretation of the War," Professor Franklin H. Giddings' "The Crisis in Social Evolution" and Professor Westel W. Willoughby's "The Relation of the Individual to the State." Professor Seligman's essay is especially illuminating. It is a rapid sketch of the relations between wealth and war, and an application of the economic interpretation of history to the present conflict. Far less thoughtful, and in every way less satisfactory, is Mr. Clarence W. Barron's "The Audacious War." The book is advertised as "A Business View Point" and parts of it seem written for the rather tired business man. Though Mr. Barron believes that retaliatory tariffs and conflicting commercial ambitions are the ultimate cause of this war, he does not pursue any single line of thought, but wanders off into contemplations of French heroes, English Zeppelin scares and ubiquitous German spies. There is no unity and no impact in the book.

As the war progresses, the supreme importance of the Balkan states as a factor in the military situation becomes increasingly evident. "The War and the Balkans," by Mr. Noel Buxton, M.P., and Mr. Charles Roden Buxton, draws attention to the immense military strength of these states, and makes a plea for the recreation of a Balkan federation, allied to the Entente Powers. The authors (who wrote prior to Bulgaria's participation in the war) were of the opinion that no Balkan alliance could be effected unless Great Britain, France and Russia took the initiative in formulating and guaranteeing a clearly defined plan. Such a plan would give Bulgaria certain Macedonian territory now held by Serbia and Greece, "conditional upon the acquisition by Serbia of Bosnia and an Adriatic outlet, and by Greece of Smyrna." That even such an agreement might have been difficult to arrange among small nations hating each other and threatened in case of defeat with national extinction, was of course obvious to the authors. It becomes even more obvious when one studies Marion I. Newbigin's "Geographical Aspects of the Balkan Problems," and discovers how deeply these perplexing questions are rooted in unchanging physical features of the peninsula, and how far was the settlement of 1913 from really settling any of the more fundamental causes of inter-Balkan animosity.

For quite independent reasons, moreover, this book of Dr. Newbigin is of value. Although at times somewhat needlessly arid, it is on the whole both a useful and an interesting work. The author presents a careful study of the diverse Balkan peoples in their relation to the structural character of the Peninsula, its river systems, its hydrographic conditions, its natural lines of communication by water and land. He traces the main trade routes as they were used by the Romans, in mediaeval times, in the period of Turkish domination, and in these modern days of easy railway communication. Not the least interesting chapters of the book are those which deal with the effect of the permanent physical features upon the agricultural activities of the Balkan populations, and upon the social systems based upon this agriculture.

Why did not some friend dissuade ex-Senator Henry Clay Hansbrough from publishing his recent book entitled "War and Woman?" The Senator writes with unimpeachable intentions of "man's failure as a harmonizer," and describes how when the lieutenant sailed for the Philippines, Gwendolyn "engaged herself to the splendid young man—he of the spiritual temperament and the baggy trousers." Apparently the author's philosophy is expressed by Gwendolyn's "wise little mother," who observes that "his garments can easily be pressed, but one cannot take the blood-lust creases out of army and naval officers, even with a flatiron."

Let me end this brief account of books about the war with a reference to a volume which is advertised as "not a war book." It is true that "The World Crisis and Its Meaning," by Felix Adler, does bear directly upon the European conflict, and seeks to translate militarism, nationalism and international relationship into ethical terms. But other subjects not directly concerned with the war, such as "The Ethical Program of Social Reform" and "The Individual Versus the State" are also considered. It is a relief, after the reading of many war books, good, bad and quite bad, to escape from the insistence of im-

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mediate problems, and, with Prof. Adler, to view the great disaster from afar, to look at it in its relations to the slow and clumsy upward stumbling of humanity. It is not a blandly optimistic book. It does not predict the immediate end of wars. But it does convey the sense of a world, complex as the individual is complex, made up of war and peace, and these not sharply sundered. I do not acknowledge agreement with all that Prof. Adler says. I somehow resent what seems to me a gliding over of very palpable and natural economic motives, or at least an underemphasis upon these motives. And yet in its large perspectives and its freedom from a tense concentration upon what lies immediately before us, the book is wholesome and satisfying.

W. E. W.

Preparedness

The Military Unpreparedness of the United States, by Frederick Louis Huidekoper. New York: The Macmillan Co. $4.00.

The American Army, by William Harding Carter. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. $1.50.

Are We Ready? by Howard D. Wheeler. Boston: The Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50 net.

Arms and the Race, by R. M. Johnston. New York: The Century Co. $1.00 net.

The Game of Empires, by E. S. Van Zile. New York: Moffat, Yard and Co. $1.25 net.

The American Navy, by French E. Chadwick. New York: Doubleday, Page and Co. 60c. net.

Our Navy and the Next War, by Robert W. Neeser. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.00 net.

THE competent literature on our preparedness for war exhibits a singularly simple range of ideas and a striking uniformity of conclusions. All the authorities agree that by no stretch of the imagination can we regard ourselves as prepared for war with any first-class power. In the event of war with a great power, we cannot hope to escape without huge initial disasters. Yet our history proves us to be a people quite capable of rushing into war without counting the odds. Further, our diplomatic situation is not such as to warrant a belief that we shall never be molested. The Monroe Doctrine and our retention of the Philippines may at any time lead to a conflict of interest with other powers. Shall we surrender our policies without a struggle, or shall we defend them, if necessary, by war? Anyone who knows the historical temper of the American people must admit that of these alternatives we should probably choose war, even though unprepared. And what such a choice would mean it is the business of the preparedness advocate to make clear. This is the chief purpose of the books of Mr. Huidekoper and General Carter. Both rest upon the foundation of the great work of Major General Upton, "The Military Policy of the United States," covering the period down to 1862. Mr. Huidekoper and General Carter continue the account down to the present day, and relate it to the current problems of military reorganization. Both writers give evidence of careful and exhaustive study of the material. General Carter's book is the more interesting as a human document, revealing the psychology of a man who loves his profession and believes intensely in its paramount importance in our national life. There is something very quaint and engaging in his suggestion that our young men of wealth ought to follow the example of the European élite in devoting themselves to the profession of arms. It is a suggestion at once so reasonable and so unhistorical. One can but sympathize with the General in his vigorous but thoroughly disciplined indignation over the popular disparagement of the army and the persistent Congressional bungling of military affairs.

Mr. Huidekoper's book, while put together in an incredibly short time to meet the requirements of the present political conjuncture, is comprehensive and well organized, and carries its message with extraordinary force. It is by far the most significant work that has appeared in its field, and we may subscribe without reservation to General Wood's wish that all Americans who are interested in the military history and policy of their country might read it. If the illusion still persists that we have acquitted ourselves well in our past wars, this book will go far towards dispelling it. Our military history represents an almost unbroken series of colossal blunders, for which we paid lavishly in blood and treasure, and from which we were rescued not by merit of ours, but by the bad luck or blundering incompetence of our foes. Even so late as 1898 we threw a force of less than fifteen thousand men into an island where nearly two hundred thousand trained soldiers, better armed and munitioned, were prepared, by our strident advertising of our intentions, to receive them. By all reasonable rules of war, our Cuban adventure should have ended in prompt disaster. It did not, and our school histories have been able to add San Juan Hill to the other instances in which our soldiers have proved invincible. The stars in their courses have fought for us; but it is rash for us to count on them as a permanent part of our military establishment.

The chief defects of our military policy as analyzed by Mr. Huidekoper are the following: too small a regular army; no proper organization for expanding the regular army in time of war; no reserves; necessity of employing raw recruits; incredible folly in determining the length of enlistments; failure to increase the regular army until the eve of hostilities, although trouble could have been foreseen; failure to keep the military organization up to full strength; use of bounties to secure enlistments, with consequent premiums upon desertion and reënlistment; fatuous reliance on raw troops. All these defects characterized our system at the outset, and were plainly indicated by Washington. They have prolonged our wars, cost multitudes of lives and billions of money. Most of them stand uncorrected to-day.

It is usual nowadays to blame the pacifists for the deficiencies in our army. Both General Carter and Mr. Huidekoper are too well informed to ascribe any considerable part of the blame to this small and relatively uninfluential group. The important obstacles to military reorganization consist in the widely prevalent belief that personal valor and efficiency, even without discipline, can make a formidable fighting man; that an adequate standing army would be a menace to civil liberty; and that such an army would be a heavy burden upon the treasury. These are all misconceptions. Again and again in our history the time required to whip raw troops into shape consumed the whole term for which they were enlisted. Militarism in this country has made serious inroads upon civil liberty only when it was necessary to organize military forces under the spur of desperate necessity. And the cost of our occasional wars has been so enormous chiefly because of our lack of preparedness. It would have been good economy to maintain a reasonably large army through times of peace, in order to reduce the cost of making war.

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have far less patience is the jealousy entertained toward the regular army by the state militia. Throughout our history we have been forced to subordinate military efficiency to the necessity of placating the state organizations. If we were to become engaged in war to-day, we should be required to muster into service the militia of the several states with organization intact. Some of the militia is well trained, some badly trained. In some of the states the militia officers are competent, in others utterly incompetent. And though we had a superfluity of competent officers—which we have not—we could not substitute them for the incompetent officers appointed by the governors of the states. The same particularism that insists upon the retention of the militia officers offers a stubborn resistance to any plan for organizing a body of federal volunteers to supplement the regular army. This aspect of the situation is treated in an illuminating manner by General Carter.

The concrete proposals for military reorganization offered by Mr. Huidekoper include (1) a regular army of 250,000 men, enlisted for seven years, two years with the colors and five with the reserve; (2) a reserve amounting eventually to 420,000 men; (3) a body of United States volunteers; (4) the National Guard. The total force would amount to 1,200,000 men—quite sufficient to repel any attack upon us. Behind the shelter of such an army we could gather together our military resources and prepare for any eventuality, however grave. What such an army would cost it would be difficult to compute. Certainly far more than the standing army of Germany or France. It is very doubtful that Congress will ever entertain so thoroughgoing an adventure in preparedness. It is none the less worthy of any citizen's examination. General Carter's proposals are more modest. They involve an increase of the regular army to 125,000 men and the creation of a body of federal volunteers. Although extremely guarded in stating his opinion, General Carter obviously has little faith in the scheme of creating a large reserve of men who have served in the regular army.

Mr. Wheeler's book is of an altogether different character. Setting out from the obvious reply to his own query, he tries to make us visualize the possible consequences of our unreadiness. Parts of his work published in a periodical have attracted wide attention, notably his very realistic piece of imagination, "An Attack on New York." It would in fact be a rather simple matter for an enemy commanding the seas to take New York, and whatever else on the Atlantic seaboard may be worth taking. If our navy were worsted, it would not be difficult for a Japanese expeditionary force to occupy much of the Pacific Coast, and it would be extremely difficult for us to get them out. All this everyone will admit, as everyone must admit practically all that Mr. Wheeler has to say about our unpreparedness and its possible consequences. Nevertheless the book seems badly calculated to overcome the general indifference to our military situation. Mr. Wheeler does his best to give the complacent American citizen a scare, and he would succeed with most. But the American citizen has been long suspicious of such tactics. He is afraid that men are trying to scare him into an undertaking that is really not worth while.

Mr. Johnston's "Arms and the Race" is an interesting little book which intersperses its military information with philosophy. War, to Mr. Johnston, is by no means the unmitigated evil that the pacifists, and many of the advocates of preparedness, assume. "The energy generated by war, the confidence engendered by success, and the adaptability and resourcefulness taught by military enterprise, far offset any debit that may come from the loss of a percentage of the young male population." Still, "materialism and pacifism find man in his most developed state," and we have to accept them as the current tendencies. Catholicity and moderation are the salient characteristics of Mr. Johnston. He holds the same opinion as everyone else who has studied the matter, that we are woefully unprepared for war, and he is more certain than most that the competition of nations for land and commercial power makes future wars inevitable. He does not appear, however, to be greatly alarmed over our situation. His proposals for army increase are moderate: 184,000 regulars and 130,000 militia, each force to be so organized as to be capable of being doubled in six months.

Mr. Van Zile's "Game of Empires" is an incredible performance. You read it, and rub your eyes to make sure you haven't been dreaming. Here is a man who has learned nothing at all since the first weeks of the war. He still thinks that the Germans were under a great handicap because they had never been under fire, while the Russians, British, French and Serbians had enjoyed that inestimable experience. He still tries to draw profit out of the mistranslations of *Deutschland über Alles, Weltmacht oder Niedergang* that were current fifteen months ago. Even Timbuctoo knows by this time that the former phrase does not mean "Germany on top of everything," nor the latter, "Dominion of the world or downfall." At the beginning of the war, in default of concrete information, almost every political philosophaster could juggle Treitschke and Nietzsche and Bernhardi, and make seductive clatter therewith. Mr. Van Zile is still engaged in this obsolete enterprise. In the remote days of September, 1914, it occurred to almost every one to compare the Kaiser with Don Quixote. This has just occurred to Mr. Van Zile. There were wits who chuckled over what Willie thought he could do to Bertie and Nicky but couldn't. The tribe, alas, survives in Mr. Van Zile. His message for us, though, is sound. Eschew equally the Religion of Valor and the Religion of Avoidance, and cleave to the Religion of Steadfastness. Quite appropriately, the book is prefaced by a communication to the author from Theodore Roosevelt.

Admiral Chadwick's "The American Navy" is written without any propagandist purpose whatever. It is a plain account of the achievements of the American navy, such an account as one needs, after the flood of denunciation of our defensive arms, to reassure him that history has recorded some items to our credit.

With Mr. Neeser's work we return to propagandism. The "Next War" that figures in the title is hard to find in the book, which consists mainly of judicious criticisms of our past naval policies and arguments for the strengthening of the navy as the only means of fulfilling our national obligations. But the war that the author fears is apparently a struggle with Germany for the maintenance of the Monroe Doctrine. "Can we still adhere to the belief that the mailed fist of some of those nations will not be stretched across the seas to grasp the vast resources, as yet untouched, in the countries south of us, from the Rio Grande to Terra del Fuego?" What we ought to have is a fleet that will be a match for Germany's. This is a conclusion many of us had reached independently, and Mr. Neeser's argument, if it does not command assent in all its details, is on the whole of such quality as to deepen the conviction that our naval program might profitably be accelerated.

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French Novelists in Wartime

L'Union Sacrée, by Maurice Barrès. Paris: Emile Paul.
Pages Choisies, by Maurice Barrès. Paris: Larousse.
Récits du Temps de la Guerre, by René Bazin. Paris: Calmann-Levy.
Le Sens de la Mort, by Paul Bourget. Paris: Plon-Nourrit.
Pendant l'Orage, by Remy de Gourmont. Paris: Champion.

IN one of his occasional papers, written in 1914-15, and recently republished under the title "Pendant l'Orage," M. Remy de Gourmont describes the documentary book about the great war to which we must all look forward, "the book of facts and not of declamation, the book without anecdotes, without tears, without glory, *le livre terrible.*" The young Frenchman who will eventually produce this terrible book is still, of course, buried like a mole in a burrow, or lying on some stinking battlefield. And for nearly a year it seemed as if even the older French writers had abandoned literature. Some of them, however, have continued to write for the daily press. Four of the five books here noted are made up of contributions to newspapers and they have all, as might be expected, an admixture of "anecdotes, and tears, and glory." I recommend them for this very reason to those who hunger for sharp impressions of France in her struggle. It is perhaps difficult for a partisan not to overestimate such work, yet I believe that these war books contain as restrained and final pages as any ever written by their authors. Indeed, their best chapters seem to me to have a kind of directness and sincerity of manner and feeling, a solidity and simplicity that only come in literature when men are stirred to their very depths; when they have, so to speak, "touched bottom."

Death and sacrifice are, of course, the "bottom" of everything for millions of Europeans to-day. It is still easy, in America, to pass them on the other side of the street, to sum up the war complacently as a hideous blunder, a collective delirium. At best "to die for one's country" seems to many Americans a sort of heroic romance. In France it has been for fifteen months the only reality, possessing, obsessing, demanding a reason and an explanation. The butchery and mutilation of youth, the unloosing of the "ancestral brute" in the armies, the sorrow of women, the deliberate destruction of the beauty and richness of the civilized earth: what do they mean, where do they lead? MM. Bazin, Barrès, Bourget and de Gourmont—each answers this question after his own manner.

As M. de Gourmont's book is by far the least consoling, it should be said that it was composed during the final stages of a long illness of which he died last September. But this author, little known in America, was by nature a dilettante and an aesthete, very much a man of this material and sensual world; he was also a subtle and delicate critic, always ready to listen to new voices, a pillar of the *Mercure de France*. To him the individualist France of ante-bellum days was unquestionably a good place to live in. Perhaps the most striking of these little essays is the one called "Fantome," in which the writer describes himself during this strange state of war as an unsubstantial wraith separated from his past, from all that had meant reality and life, by a misty, impenetrable curtain—a curtain, as he says elsewhere, of blood. Like every other Frenchman, de Gourmont praises the new national unity and confidence, but he has courage to declare that "the American ideal" of *la vie dangereuse*—odd translation of Roosevelt's "strenuous life"—is not a sensible one for durable use; if it exalts certain noble human qualities, it abases others. He quotes a poet who writes desperately from the front for books which shall make him love war; "reduced to my own resources, I can't succeed in doing so." And in a voice of poignant intensity he laments "le fleuve qui monte," the rising tide of death which is engulfing the writers of the future. Where will the few survivors find the old liberty? These youths who die before they know themselves have experienced only the tragic prologue to the traditional human comedy. "Salvete, flores martyrum!"

The transition from this nostalgic tone to Bazin's "Récits du Temps de la Guerre" is abrupt indeed. Life, according to this traditional Catholic, "is not only for us"; "there is something bigger than life." The awakening of the spirit of sacrifice has fulfilled a long hope of Bazin's for a renewed France. He glories in her courage, her staying power, her religious rebirth. To him the "class of 1914" who terminate their humanities to find their land invaded are wonderfully fortunate. These boys have missed the years of religious persecution, the shattering years after 1870 which almost destroyed their elders' belief in the destiny of France. "To have suffered nothing by your country and suffer all for her, that is to have been continuously happy."

But Bazin is not only a tender Catholic mystic; he is above all a realistic story-teller with a very true and rich understanding of French peasant life. Those who would know what the farms are like now that the women are left alone to face the implacable work of the seasons, what it means to come out of hiding after the armies have passed over your fields and borrow a regimental horse to plough while buried shells burst under the wheel, what it means to turn a gun on your own village, should read "Celle qui ne savait pas," "L'entr'aide," "Le Pointeur." Like Flaubert's famous "Trois Contes," these little tales are so simple as to seem without artifice. Yet only a master of narrative could have written them.

I don't suppose that M. Bazin could bring himself to describe a bad curé, but he does not subordinate life to doctrine as M. Bourget does. This distinguished author is more than usually relentless in confronting us with his problem; that is precisely why "Le Sens de la Mort" is a better novel than last year's long-winded "Le Démon de Midi." The scene here is laid in a Paris hospital where nerve surgery is performed on war victims by a great doctor who is himself dying of cancer. The doctor is the highly intelligent, scientific determinist for whom Bourget has a fondness; a man to whom "the religious problem" is mere unhealthy, mystical atavism, and war and suffering are wicked waste. Among his patients is his wife's cousin, a brave, average, uncomplicated young man with a very complete Roman Catholic belief. The psychological struggle centres in and about the wife whom both men love—the middle-aged husband so jealously that he asks everything of her, even suicide with him; the cousin so unselfishly that his passion is subordinated to his faith. Both men die nobly in the end, but the doctor's death is desperate resignation to complete extinction and the soldier's is joyous triumph. It is not enough, comments Bourget, to say that men offer their lives in the trenches, the sum of their activities constituting the army and saving the country. Why should the present immolate itself for the future, unless religion is right and science wrong?

The fact is that free-thinking France seems to behave to-day as if mystic idealism were right. M. Barrès, who is certainly a much greater writer than any of our other

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three, would probably not maintain, if pushed to the wall, that the Catholic makes a better soldier than any equally patriotic citizen. To him, in his quality of leader of youth and champion of nationalism, the religious revival—not due, he maintains, to clericalism but to harrowing of the soul—is grist to the mill of "L'Union Sacrée." Great ideas do not perish with the intelligences that conceived them, and no more, he says, do great sentiments. The men who fall leave their souls to those who remain; and so far as "young literature" goes, the writers who survive will not resume, but tear up, the interrupted page, and out of the depths of a tremendous experience surpass their former achievement.

M. Barrès expresses horror at a mind which "intoxicates itself with words, and blows into an article as into a trumpet." He knows very well the joy of speaking and seeing straight. But, writing every day in *l'Echo de Paris,* striving to keep the pulse of the country to a flawless unanimity, he himself frequently says more than he means. His articles, which deal with everything from school children's shoes to *le feu sacré,* vary greatly in interest and significance, but they unquestionably contain a stirring record of *l'ame française et la guerre.* One finds there too a fine array of contemporary portraits. I am thinking, for instance, of those of Péguy and Jaurès. Or take this of the humble *poilu* in his trench: "He's a peasant disguised as a warrior, who keeps thinking of the people and things at home; who hasn't the least desire to eat the heart and liver of a Boche raw; who sticks there at his post with cold feet and numbed hands, and feels very sure 'that we'll get 'em some day.'" Barrès excels at human portraits, but I know of no writer anywhere with his gift for conveying the meaning and the charm of places, especially ruined places. His beautiful account of his journey through his native Lorraine last autumn, after the armies had gone, would revive anybody's belief in literature in wartime.

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Moulding the Theatre

The Case of American Drama, by Thomas H. Dickinson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.50 net.

Writing and Selling a Play, by Fanny Cannon. New York: Henry Holt and Co. $1.50 net.

IN an earlier book, called "Chief Contemporary Dramatists," Mr. Dickinson supplied American readers with a useful body of contemporary plays, American, English and translated. His new book is partly descriptive. In a chapter of rather commonplace compilation he tells how the theatre is organized in France and Germany. In two unduly hopeful chapters, "The Theatre in the Open" and "Festivals and Pageantry," he gives more space to an account of the future as he thinks it will be than to an account of what has been and is.

But this same hopefulness, although it is one of the weaknesses of Mr. Dickinson's writing, is also the cause of his readers' interest in him. His is the determinist's faith. In a chapter on "The Social Sanction of Dramatic Art" he says, "The substance of our art shall be one with the substance of our society." Civic consciousness grows, and drama along with it, and so, "as society develops in psychic and aesthetic demands, there gradually develops the highest artistic expression in dramatic form." Drama changes as society changes. Why is drama naturalistic at one moment? See social backgrounds for an explanation. Why, at another moment, is it individualistic? Social backgrounds again. But good drama must always be natural and socially constructive and "unaffectedly in accord with the eternal order of things." "Art," says Mr Dickinson, "is not the voice of the anarch or the Anti-Christ." If such a saying strikes you as reactionary you are doing the hospitality of Mr. Dickinson's mind some wrong. A few pages further on he says there "are times when iconoclasm is the only true social constructiveness," lets in plays of curious beauty, refuses to exclude absolutely even the morbid play.

All this is pretty easy. If you have faith in America, and if you believe that a society which makes progress will surely express itself in a drama which makes progress, you are not likely to wonder whether a sufficient quantity of specifically gifted persons will surely be born in the United States, or transplanted thither not too long after birth. This question does not worry Mr. Dickinson.

If it did worry him his book would be less afflicted with a second weakness—lack of proof that he rates high enough, and differentiates enough from other gifts, the specific gift of the dramatist. One cannot help asking whether Mr. Dickinson even comes at all near understanding this gift. In his last chapter, "The Promise of an American Drama," he advises playwrights to look for subjects "in the true psychic borderland of races between the Indian and the Caucasian," in the pioneer, in the village and in the city. "Among the many fields that lie open to the dramatist," Mr. Dickinson writes, these "four come to mind." But as he describes them they sound more like fields for the novelist, to whom description of social habits and changes of social habit is comparatively easy, than like fields for the dramatist, to whom representation of such things is comparatively hard. One would like to know whether Mr. Dickinson disbelieves in the old distinction which assigns to drama the representation of crises, and to hear him, if he does disbelieve, give his reasons.

This lack is not very well supplied by what is positively told us about the dramatist—that he knows men "primarily and absolutely," that "he must be a master of his age," that "by the necessities of his medium and of his substance the dramatist must be an independent thinker," that "the true dramatic technician mirrors the soul of his age by presenting all of its complexities in order form," that "he must be skilled as few are in human nature itself." Even if we add to these assertions, which would be as true and no truer of a novelist, the assertion that a dramatist "must express in a human medium his observation of human beings," which would be equally true of an actor, we don't seem to have learned from Mr. Dickinson what particular faculties a dramatist must have.

Insufficient reference to specific things is indeed one of Mr. Dickinson's characteristics. His book shows familiarity with the theatre as we have organized it in this country, he has an eye for hopeful signs of change, he gives interesting reasons for his belief that "the people themselves are taking hold of their dramatic art" and "taking away from the institution of the theatre functions that have been an institutional monopoly for years." And yet, when we have finished his book, and find ourselves slowly getting a little of his enthusiastic faith, we have to admit that we don't know whether Mr. Dickinson himself can tell a bad play from a good one.

Such an omission will probably do the book no harm with its own audience, an audience of persons who are giving more and more attention to the stage, who care for it passionately, and from whose activity a high achievement is more likely to result if they are tremendously optimistic.

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Q. K.

Who's Who and Why

Ivory, Apes and Peacocks, by James Huneker. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

MR. Huneker gathers his papers from time to time and launches a collection of them in a book. He despises "general ideas" and is supercilious about ordered criticism. The only unity he gives to these collections is that inspired by his own personality.

In the present volume there is nothing exceptional about the manner or material. It is simply further evidence of a prodigal and insurgent activity. The pride of peacocks, the irony of apes, the inexpugnable form of ivory—these are no new joys to Mr. Huneker, they have always been to his taste and temperament. And he is not averse to showing in his own case a little of the peacock and a little of the ape. It is rather his pleasure to accentuate the diversity and unconventionality of his interests. Walt Whitman is the one American who appears in this volume, Conrad and Lafcadio Hearn the only other writers in English. Among Continental novelists and dramatists he ranges freely from Tolstoy, Dostoevsky, Ibsen, Zola and de Maupassant to Jules Laforgue, Wedekind, Hauptmann, Sudermann, Schnitzler. Arnold Schoenberg and Moussorgsky are his chief composers, Puvis de Chavannes, Cézanne, Matisse, Van Gogh, Kubin, Munch, Gauguin his painters. But he does not arrange them or debate them exhaustively. He flits lightly from the Karneval groteske at Dresden to the "lenten landscapes" of Chavannes, from Schoenberg's "ecstasy of the hideous" to the "magic Vermeer," or "the melancholy of masterpieces."

With what snapping cleverness and witty brevity Mr. Huneker characterizes these examples of art no reader of his needs to be told. His liveliness, his frank gossiping naturalness, his easy liberality, his honesty, are obvious characteristics. Working on the assumption that "we only formulate our preferences into laws," Mr. Huneker is satisfied to enunciate his preferences. In his haste to record and pigeonhole personalities he is often cursory. He tags Wedekind as "a latter-day pagan," dubs Dostoevsky "the Dante of the North," ticks off Richard Strauss as "a rhetorician with enormous temperamental power," Walt Whitman as "a gay old pagan who never called a sin a sin when it was a pleasure," and concludes Gorky and others with such simple classificatory words as "morbid," "neurotic" and "pessimist." But while preferences can only be affirmed in terms like these at the risk of being considered uncritical, Mr. Huneker is much more scrupulous in everything that is more closely related to expression. Where he is not sure that he understands he is capable of an admirable honesty. "Every composer has his aura; the aura of Arnold Schoenberg is, for me, the aura of subtle ugliness, of hatred and contempt, of cruelty, and of the mystic grandiose. He is never petty. He sins in the grand manner of Nietzsche's Superman, and he has the courage of his chromatics. If such music-making is ever to become accepted, then I long for Death the Releaser. More shocking still would be the suspicion that in time I might be persuaded to like this music, to embrace, after abhorring it." This is a fine piece of candor in a man with much musical authority. He refuses to speak darkly, as if he were the guardian of a mystery too sacred to discuss.

It is possibly because he is most serious about "beautiful surfaces and handling" that Mr. Huneker hates "prophets and uplifters," dismisses Whitman's philosophy as fudge and Tolstoy's theories as "vapourings and fatidical croonings," and despises German *weltanschauung* when its exponents are blind to "the loveliness of atmosphere, pure colors and sheer pictorial quality." His love of beautiful texture, on the other hand, sometimes enables him to suggest it with beauty. Under the influence of Conrad in the first essay he is acutely aware of a brooding spirit, and he allows his reader to feel that for once he has stood alone in wide space and experienced something deep and incommunicable. His reverence for perfect expression quietens his twittering about the artist's grandmothers and saves him from his autodidacts, dichotomies and epigones.

The same reverence for expression appears in a characteristic essay on Puvis de Chavannes. Here, however, Mr. Huneker is more clearly the reporter, the man who appreciates the facts, but beyond his sensation and delectation is not articulate. Take this passage: "He gains his most moving effects without setting in motion the creaking allegorical machinery of the academy. He shows the simple attitudes of life transfigured without rhetoric. He avoids frigid allegory, yet employs symbols. His tonal attenuations, elliptical and syncopated rhythms, his atmosphere of the remote, the mysterious—all these give the spectator the sense of serenity, momentary freedom from the feverishness of every-day life, and suggest the lofty wisdom of the classic poets. But the serpent of futile melancholy, of the brief cadence of mortal dreams, and of the vanishing seconds that defile down the corridor of time, has stolen into this Garden of the Hesperides. Puvis de Chavannes, no more than Gustave Moreau, could escape the inquietude of his times. He is occasionally Parisian and often pessimist."

The keenness of Mr. Huneker's nose for æsthetic news is one salient characteristic. Another is his astonishing familiarity with æsthetics as a field of human comedy. Were he interested in politics rather than æsthetics, he would make few mistakes as to the traits of the men he was discussing. He would have an open mind about newcomers and "dark horses" and "lunalogues." His characterizations would be clear and pertinent and spicy. But as to genuine interpretation—interpretation that involved the "nature of judgment," to use his own phrase—he would be usually at a loss. Possessing a rare susceptibility to fine expression, exhibiting on the whole a faculty for true preference, the terms of that susceptibility and preference in him would seldom be free, or at any rate seldom free from taint.

It is not that Mr. Huneker requires piquancy and nov-

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elty that he sometimes treats *hors d'oeuvres* as *chef d' oeuvres*. He has recognition for real masters. Nor is it that he infers too much from being able to establish the common factors of human clay. It is rather that as a critic he is as incomplete as an explorer without a compass. He spins around on his own axis, satisfied that to move is to progress. Armed with a thousand references to the verdict of others, continually breaking his discourse to let others speak and think for him, he constantly mistakes judgments for judgment, and his work would collapse in great part if shorn of hints from passers-by. Is this the adventure of a soul, this parade with fortified preferences? The adventures are certain, but one has some reservations as to the soul. Mr. Huneker has quoted William James with approval: "We of course need a stable scheme of concepts, stably related to one another, to lay hold of our experiences and to co-ordinate them withal." This scheme of concepts cannot even be inferred. Painters, composers, dramatists and writers Mr. Huneker has experienced. As to art, music, drama and literature he is content to make a mosaic from other critics in vogue.

In ephemeral criticism this question of concepts is in abeyance. Its function is to account for things heard and seen. But in a book one is entitled to seek for something more, and if there is nothing but the same casualness, the same heliotrope epigrams ("youth is ever in revolt," for example, or "after all, isn't truth an idea that traverses a temperament?"), the same gossipy notions as to sociology and heredity and nationalism and naturalism, the same blithe assumptions that categories are accretions, one's opinion of the critic's self-criticism goes low. The fact that Max Reinhardt calls the Hof-Oper the most beautiful in Europe, and that "a round 7,000,000 marks (about $1,750,000) is the cost of the buildings," still remains interesting; but no more interesting than similar news in the press. Pedants and mandarins never stoop, of course, to consider even the most relevant human facts. For that reason one is grateful to Mr. Huneker. But in considering art all facts and all opinions are not relevant. And even where hidden facts are relevant they may not be dominant. There are many men who have had the same pathology as Walt Whitman. But there was only one such man who wrote the poem to Columbus.

This is not the most important aspect of Mr. Huneker, however. With all his belittling cleverness, it has been a stimulus for America to have had him, a stimulus to which this volume adds. For many years he has been a fine audacious exception to a general æsthetic cowardice, which is at last, and for mainly wrong reasons, becoming ashamed here and there. If Mr. Huneker were in the main tradition of American criticism he would not be writing of apes and peacocks. He would be implanted in that dim academic grove where the constants of the mind are the owl and the hen, where nothing is esteemed so impressive as the serenity of the dove or the dignity of the dodo. It is a peculiarly stale and timid tradition, one of sacred and second-hand classicism. Innumerable professors have helped to make it, taking a little hop from one acknowledged musician or poet to another, on the same principle that poor investors stick to government bonds. In this region Mr. Huneker has never abided. He is absolutely free from its besetting sin. And because he is free from that sin he has been a boon to Americans. By sheer force of his vitality and activity he has done a great deal to enlarge the content of America's æsthetic mind.

F. H.

Anna Howard Shaw

The Story of a Pioneer, by Anna Howard Shaw, D.D., M.D. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.00 net.

ABOUT thirty-five years ago one of those amusing ecclesiastical anti-feminists whose duty is the protection of society, speaking for All Maleness, defined the distinctive traits of woman as endurance, loving submission and quickness of apprehension. If he had read Dr. Shaw's story, he would have found these feminine traits so superbly embodied in a feminist leader that he would have died of chagrin. To be sure, it was not a husband she endured, but pioneer days in the wilderness and the prejudice and scorn which met her when she stormed the masculine citadels of two professions. Her loving submission was not to a male but to a cause, expressed in gruelling labor and the constant sacrifice of her personal ambitions for the success of the movement. And her quickness of apprehension was devoted not to flattery of men but to a tool of wit and intelligence that crumpled up opposition everywhere, and to a skill in generalship which has just won the almost final triumph of a million votes in the East.

A woman of women, then, according to both feminist and anti-feminist standards, her story has rugged strength and meaning. And this quite in spite of itself. For it is written in collaboration, and constitutes little more than a mediocre chronicle with the "she" changed to an "I," neither a real autobiography nor a good biography. An occasional witty anecdote flashes out the quality of the leader as she appears to the public. Her pastoral struggles on Cape Cod are racy and symbolic. But the balance between her private and public life is not well held, and there is an unexpected prevalence of the pathetic, for which Dr. Shaw is certainly not responsible. The book is evidently written with a tender-minded and not a tough-minded audience in mind.

Yet these literary defects scarcely dim the indomitable figure. This life, still sturdy and full at sixty-eight, is both a history and a pattern of feminism in America. Every struggle, every contact, that the emancipating woman in America has had to go through seems to have been experienced. Dr. Shaw was a pioneer in every aspect of her experience. When she was twelve years old her unworldly father sent his family to make a living in a log-cabin clearing in the Michigan forest, a hundred miles from the railroad. The struggle for existence among those wilderness horrors was symbolic of her whole career. The wolves and Indians have always been around her. As one of the first women to qualify for the ministry and one of the first to study medicine, she was constantly breaking new paths for women. Without resources, every step she made was accompanied by a physical struggle for life. And the spiritual struggles were even more arduous. Almost incredible in these milder days seems that stony hostility which blanketed all her ambitions.

Such a story, with the unabated courage of its long fight, both humiliates and thrills. No Easterner should have picked up his newspaper on the third of November, 1915, without feelings of the deepest chagrin. These years of struggle—and the end not yet! Starting earlier in this country than elsewhere, the movement for women's rights has worn out three generations of heroic women. Of all our lumbering procrastinations this is surely the stupidest. The issue has become a barrier which must be surmounted before general social progress can be made. Everything halts while this last trench is captured. The "antis" have be-

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come a public nuisance, an idle and mischievous obstruction which stops advance all along the line. Dr. Shaw's story makes one feel the tragedy that all this feminine energy which might go into social constructiveness in the state should still, through sheer masculine obstinacy, have to be poured out negatively in the mere removal of barriers which we should have swept away long ago. One realizes with a new indignation what fools our pillars of society make of us when in the same breath they extol good citizenship and deny political participation to women who have shown all this genius and resource.

But the other impression that one gets from Dr. Shaw's story is a bright one. There is a sense of the immeasurable distance that has been traversed since the first little group of women's rights speakers was mobbed in the streets. A Philadelphia paper at the time of the Seneca Falls Convention in 1848 expressed prevailing opinion when it declared that "the ladies of Philadelphia are resolved to maintain their rights as Wives, Belles, Virgins and Mothers, and not as Women." Since that time how many thousands of "ladies" have resolved not only to maintain their rights as women too, but also even as human beings. To have made Women out of countless Wives, Belles, Virgins and Mothers, and then Human Beings out of these Women, has been the business of the feminist movement. That triumph is already assured. Indeed the argument to-day against woman suffrage is no longer that wifehood is the crowning glory of woman, but that we already have enough human beings to manage public affairs; no more need apply!

The leaders' concentration on the vote has justified itself. It has brought along a host of realized achievements. A career like Dr. Shaw's is strewn with causes won by feminist activity. Mixed up with abolition, temperance, liberal religion movements, the suffrage movement has disentangled itself not by deserting them but by winning the day for them. The flying wedge has passed on and now makes its final assault on the ballot. In this long struggle most of the legal disabilities of woman also have been removed, so that the final securing of the vote is the symbol and seal of achieved success rather than the goal itself. When the ballot is won in the East the experimentation will mostly have been done. The movement itself has been an incomparable training-school in political intelligence. The procrastination has meant that instead of a mass of untrained and ignorant voters a well-drilled and alert organization of thousands of qualified citizens will be ready to step into place when their political disabilities are removed. This has not been the result of chance. It is the genius and untiring labor of leaders like Dr. Shaw that has made the suffrage movement the most dramatic and significant political cause of our time.

American Heights

Letters to a Friend, by John Muir. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.00 net.

TO very few of us is it given to roam the high places of the world, exulting with the dawn and the sunset, hibernating in snow-buried cabins in valleys where winter and summer chase each other through the month of May, living on familiar terms with glaciers, and making Sierras and the Yosemite our playground and workshop. John Muir made this his experience, and in these letters, written from California in 1866-1879 to Mrs. Ezra S. Carr, the wife of a Wisconsin professor, we can appreciate that untrammelled life, one of the most beautiful that has been lived in this country.

To Muir, the world had glory not only as the record of age-long forces and the storehouse of scientific interest, but as the expression of beauty. Simply because he felt so overpoweringly the mountains and woods and the rivers that his words seemed, as he said, only "the rattle of dry bones," he could not be poet. But his prose has a thrill of life such as few poems have. His patient botany and geology are reflected in these pages, but the insistent theme is his delight in his mountains and in his "valley, just gushing, throbbing full of open, absorbable beauty." "And I must tell you about it," he says.

The joy of Muir's solitude has an undercurrent of wistfulness for the understanding friend, whose appreciations would complete the happiness. At times there is an almost lyric *rapport* with the distant friend. "I am lonely among my enjoyments; the valley is full of visitors, but I have no one to talk to." Very poignant are his disappointments at her frustrated comings. His letters perfectly express that fusion of self-containedness with yearning for companionship which is a very certain mark of the high-souled life.

Muir was never perturbed by worldly judgments of his usefulness. He speaks with delightful lack of conscience of the "true and liberal-minded friend who sent me a large sheetful of terrible blue-steel orthodoxy calling me from clouds and flowers to the practical walks of politics and philanthropy." Politics and philanthropy meant little beside "strange and beautiful mountain ferns, low in the dark canyons and high upon the rocky, sunlit peaks, banks of blooming shrubs and sprinklings and gatherings of flowers, precious and pure as ever enjoyed the sweets of a mountain home." "And oh! what streams are there! beaming, glancing, each with music of its own, singing as they go in the shadow and light, onward upon their lovely changing pathways to the sea; and hills rise over hills, and mountains over mountains, heaving, waving, swelling, in most glorious, overpowering, unreadable majesty; and when at last, stricken with faint like a crushed insect, you hope to escape from all the terrible grandeur of those mountain powers, other fountains, other oceans break forth before you, for there, in clear view, over heaps and rows of foothills, is laid a grand smooth outspread plain, watered by a river and another range of peaky snow-capped mountains a hundred miles in the distance."

That plain is the valley of the San Joaquin, and those mountains are the great Sierra Nevadas. And John Muir sings of them with his whole heart. "The valley of the San Joaquin is the floweriest piece of world I have ever walked, one vast level even flowerbed," he says, "a sheet of flowers, a smooth sea ruffled a little by the tree fringing of the river, and here and there of smaller cross streams from the mountains. Florida is indeed a land of flowers, but for every flower creature that dwells in its most delightsome places, more than a hundred are living here. Here, here is Florida. Here they are not sprinkled apart with grass between, as in our prairies, but grasses are sprinkled in the flowers; not as in Cuba, flowers piled upon flowers, heaped and gathered into deep, glowing masses, but flower to flower, petal to petal, touching but not entwined. . . . " So he sees and feels, and pours forth riches to his friend.

There is nothing in all our literature like these letters. Here was a man who superbly let himself go, who lived to his uttermost. His descriptions of his mountain-life are almost too strong wine for us. They thrill, but they also depress. To read these letters anywhere except on the high hills is an almost too poignant experience.

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